

Collier's

The National Weekly



VOL XXXVI NO 25

MARCH 17 1906

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Acme will was anything the head thread of is nothing can be machine more ca Improved Beside material wood, it

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SPECIAL FEATURES

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 W. 13th St.; London, 10 Norfolk St., Strand, W. C.; and The International News Co., 5 Breems Bldg., Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1905 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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VOLUME XXXVI NUMBER 25 10 CENTS PER COPY \$5.20 PER YEAR

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ALLAN RAMSAY
111 Fifth Avenue New York



These Four Pictures IN COLORS FREE

TO every reader of this periodical who loves nature and animals and outdoor life, we will send without charge these four beautiful pictures, which sell at retail for 50 cents each. They are wonderful examples of the art of color photography, being printed on heavy plate paper by the most improved process. Framed at moderate cost they will make splendid decorations for den or cosy corner, or they can be used just as they are in any room of the house. The subjects represented will appeal to nature lovers generally. Size of picture, 10 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches.

Why We Make This Offer

The object of this offer is to acquaint you with our new "Library of Natural History" which has recently been published, after years of labor and at an enormous expense. It is the only work of its kind in existence illustrated from actual photographs, of which it contains over 2,000, besides many full-page plates showing birds and animals in their natural colors. Every living creature on the earth—animal and man—is described and pictured in this Library. In many cases special expeditions armed with cameras and dry plates had to be sent to foreign lands to secure the photographs from which these illustrations were made. The work is not technical or dry, but teems with the most interesting and instructive stories of animal life, told by famous naturalists and explorers. Over 2,000,000 copies have already been sold in Germany and England.

No Obligation

Your application for the pictures imposes no obligation to purchase the Library. We will forward the pictures, together with a description of the books, by mail, postpaid. You will not be bothered by agents or canvassers; this Society transacts all its business by correspondence.

As an evidence of good faith, enclose 10 cents (stamps or silver) for postage and wrapping. This will be refunded if you request it after examining the pictures. Mail the accompanying coupon promptly, as the supply of pictures is nearly exhausted. This is positively the last time this advertisement will appear.

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78 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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78 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, postpaid, the four pictures you offer, together with a description of the "Library of Natural History." I enclose 10 cents for postage and wrapping, which you agree to refund if I am not perfectly satisfied. It is understood that the sending of this coupon does not in any way bind me to buy anything. (Col. 3-17-'06.)

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE NEW ANGEL OF PEACE

STRIKES SETTLED PROMPTLY ON A BUSINESS BASIS—APPLY TO THE STEEL TRUST

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



CONGRESS HAS COUCHED a lance in the patent medicine fight. "Let the label tell," the watchword and principle of the pure food campaign, has been applied to the proprietary nostrum business in the Pure Food bill now under consideration, and with dismaying effect upon the trade. Under the present system of fraud and imposition, patent medicine labels "tell," it is true—but what? Mainly lies. For example, that the opium-laden soothing syrup which stupefies children into quietude is "perfectly harmless"; that the hopeless consumptive may be cured by swallowing some concoction of morphine and chloroform; that dilute sulphuric acid, when trade-marked "Liquozone," or raw alcohol embellished with the name "Peruna," acquires thereby magical powers of exorcising the demons of sickness from all and sundry. Quite a different story will appear on the nostrum bottles should the Pure Food bill become a law. First, the label must state accurately the amount of

A REAL STEP FORWARD

alcohol, opium, cocaine, or any other poison contained in the article. Second, the claims to curative properties must be true, for if the package or bottle bears any statement which is false "in any particular," the product is misbranded and therefore illegal. Beyond self-revelation in the matter of poison, the label may be as reticent as it chooses. Ask it no questions and it will tell you no lies. In silence it may find its refuge, but with silence how much of romance and fulgent imagery dies away. In the arid prospect the light that never was on land or sea fades out of the benevolent countenance of LYDIA PINKHAM. From between the chaste lines of Dr. KILMER's side-whiskers issues a weak and censored line of pledges to our kidneys. What Dr. Williams's Pink Pills will do to Pale People in the matter of mental, moral, and physical regeneration is banished from the box. The Duffy's Malt Whiskey flask is but a shadowy survival of itself, and the Peruna bottle that was entered in our last fiction contest goes down to our children's children as a relic of the golden age of witchcraft.

THREATS OF LEGISLATION always bring the quack-protectors flocking to the spot. As the chief protecting agency, the Proprietary Association of America has opened its defensive campaign in Washington by sending on its head press agent, one BEARDSLEY. Shortly before the Pure Food bill came to a vote in the Senate he wired to the principal nostrum firms of the country that Senator HEMENWAY of Indiana would get in an amendment safeguarding their interests. Senator HEMENWAY duly appeared upon the floor of the Senate with a letter from Mr. BEARDSLEY, in which that gentleman expressed the pious hope "that no drug shall be deemed 'misbranded' under this bill by reason of any statement made in good faith relating solely to the medicinal properties of the drug or its ingredients." That is, Peruna might, if it so chose, claim to turn negroes white; Dr. MUNYON could guarantee to arrest old age, and Hood's Sarsaparilla should not be prevented in any "good faith" agreement to cure *rigor mortis*.

A STUNT BY HEMENWAY

Senator HEMENWAY, in reading the letter, neglected to inform the Senate that Mr. BEARDSLEY was a paid employee of the Proprietary Association of America. Following further his mentor's lead, the speaker used, as types of the patent medicine industry, Pepto-Mangan and Glyco-Thymoline, neither of which is in the popular sense a patent medicine, and neither of which, by a strange circumstance, belongs to the Proprietary Association of America. Why this modesty in putting forth typical medicines? Peruna, which has been recently declared a liquor by the Government, would have been an excellent instance; or Kopp's Baby Friend, with its grim list of coroner's verdicts. Both of these are members of the association, yet they were not mentioned. Did the astute Mr. BEARDSLEY fool the confiding Senator from Indiana, or was the latter buncoing his colleagues? As the patent medicine section has been made "water-tight" in the House, the fight will be transferred thither, and the country will see and recognize the Congressional defenders of the Great American Fraud.

KILLING THE BILL which was intended to relieve Philippine distresses inflicted by us is one of the disgraceful acts of which the Senate, under the present reign of money, is so

prodigal. So humiliating and mean a deed need not make us pessimists either about ourselves—that is, the people—or about the Government and its more plutocratic branch. There are good things in us and in the Senate. Be it confessed, however, such optimistic reflections require service from the will when a case of unmixed and greedy extortion from the helpless is held up for our contemplation by the august and round-bellied gentlemen whose prosperous and over-fed physiognomies decorate our Senate halls. The Administration acted well. President ROOSEVELT and, especially, Secretary TAFT gave themselves genuinely to the contest for a cause which had no two sides. Had the people responded with real earnestness the Senate would not have dared to refuse ONE OF OUR DISGRACES this small meed of justice to the Philippines. They would not have dared, for the sake of pleasing their masters, the trusts, to displease those who ought to be their masters, the people. The outrage is so flagrant, the oppression is so cruel, and the absence of fair play is so unworthy, that the people must ultimately become more awake to what it is they do, and then the Senate will no longer snap their fingers at common honesty. The Senators who voted against the bill in the committee where the assassination was accomplished were: HALE of Maine, BURROWS of Michigan, DICK of Ohio, NIXON of Nevada, and BRANDEGEE of Connecticut, Republicans; and CULBERSON of Texas, DUBOIS of Idaho, and STONE of Missouri, Democrats.

THE JAPANESE ARE THE LAST people to request aid when there is not sufficient need. Abundantly have they proved their taste for shouldering the burdens which belong to them. When, therefore, they let it be understood that starvation has reached a point at which outside help is welcome, all of us may assume that the suffering makes a loud call on charity and justice. Let this country give according to its wealth. In no more human way could we show our appreciation of the lessons beyond price that the little brown heroes have taught to us. In no sincerer way could any man allow his heart to respond to a fellow being's pain. The failure of the rice crop in a crowded district is estimated to mean want for almost a million Japanese—a million people who can live on almost nothing. Probably the situation is worse than has been indicated by the Japanese,—and there are not many peoples of whom this guess would be made. We have been talking Christianity to Japan, and supplying her with missionaries. It might impress her more if we responded with open heart to the sufferings of her people.

HELP FOR JAPAN

SIR CHARLES DILKE is a wise man. Naturally exact and astute, and by long experience exceptionally well informed, he seldom goes far astray in his opinions. More than once he has indicated the futility of political prophecy by declaring that in politics a year is equivalent to eternity; meaning that in a year anything may happen. If, however, prophecy is to be indulged in, Sir CHARLES is as good a man as could be found on whom to pin our faith, or rather our curiosity about the future. In his opinion, then, the English labor party has not become firmly established in the big cities or in the agricultural localities, as it has in the industrial centres; and, moreover, the showing made this year by labor candidates was caused so largely by the votes of radicals or democratic Tories that the result does not fairly indicate the progress of the labor party as a distinct organization. The old division of parties, he thinks, is almost extinct for the approaching session, except on South African policies, but he seems to believe it may bob up again at a later session. The education bill, which is to be the principal measure of the session, will probably find the labor members united, whereas the old parties will be divided; and the same fact is likely to be true on questions dealing with demands affecting the laboring classes. The result, therefore, is likely to be, that the new labor members, although not a definite party, form a group sufficiently compact and in accord for present efficiency and fighting purposes, and the future trend will probably be toward several such groups or parties, instead of toward the traditional two of English history. There are four now, and the number does not seem likely to diminish.

LABOR IN ENGLAND



RUF ON THE LANGUAGE

IF THE DEPARTMENT OF SUPERINTENDENCE of the National Educational Association has its way, it will be bizness, not plesure, hereafter to read the Association's publications, and when we have red them thru we shall feel like crying: "Hold, enuf! this is too ruf and tuf for any yung tung." The Department of Superintendence, under the lead of Chancellor E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, wants us all to spell like that. And, moreover, it wants us to call a trough a trauf, and to talk of "birds of a fether," and "Mesure for Mesure." It has all the courage of its dire convictions, and urges the Association to use these spellings in its own publications. Of course Dr. ANDREWS's institution will adopt the reform at once; and hereafter graduates of the University of Nebraska seeking jobs will not need to display their diplomas for identification. Their orthography will be more than enuf.

FUSSINESS AND SENSE

PRIDE SHOWS ITSELF frequently in the bearing and countenances of persons who condemn others for thinking too much about diet or other kinds of hygiene. Blind worry and anxious self-consciousness are, of course, excellent to avoid, but calm and scientific observation of conditions of health is one of the greatest elements of strength. In the Japanese army, during the Russian war, the following was among the orders: "Articles sold publicly must have coverings to protect them from flies." There were, along with regulations which the shallow might deem more worthy of their attention, directions about barber-shops, about the cleanness of houses in which the Japanese soldiers were to live, about bath-houses for Chinese as well as for Japanese, about cleaning stables, drawing water, burning refuse. The soldiers in the Japanese army were ordered not to eat raw food or drink un-boiled water. "The origin of strength in the human body is good food," say the instructions. The Japanese do not fuss, but they apply their brains to simple and homely matters of deepest moment.

THE ARMY IN OUR LIFE

"ARMY SNOBS," a recent editorial, led a military man to complain that we were unfair in not emphasizing the fact that it was the army that punished arrogance in the officer who made a subordinate yield his theatre seat to him. The point of the article seems to have escaped the officer. We were not attacking the army, as he supposes, but rejoicing that a large army was rendered by our position unnecessary; rejoicing since the social effect of a large standing army is somewhat similar to the effect of acknowledged castes. An army is a necessity, and the small one we keep ought to be as good as we can make it. When this lieutenant quotes GEORGE WASHINGTON's warning to the struggling and feeble nation at its beginning, he must realize how little it applies to-day, but everybody agrees to the importance of doing well as much in the military line as we do at all, and nobody objects to President ROOSEVELT's recommendation to our army of Admiral Togo's speech to his men about keeping themselves during peace in the best condition of body and of mind.

WORKERS AND RELIGION

FACTORY HANDS and day laborers in large cities, in America as well as Europe, are charged by a French essayist—among many others—with being essentially irreligious. When this topic happened to be prominent in these columns, it was argued widely by clergymen and the laity, and many reasons were given, but none denied the facts. M. LAFARQUE, however, gives explanations somewhat differing from those contributed to us. He thinks that the capitalist sees a Providence in the circumstances which favor him, as does even the holder of small property, but not he who dies without any other reliance in this world than his daily wage. This, and remoteness from those influences of external nature which are supposed to engender ideas of mystery and the infinite, seem to the French observer the leading causes of irreligion among city laborers, to which he adds that the most impressive forces with which the town operative has to do are fashioned by man and guided by his intelligence. Ingenious as this is, it has a less real ring than the explanation which seemed to be favored in our discussion—that the Church as it works to-day seems to the laboring man more closely allied with other classes than with his.

ROMANCE IS LIKE many other things which men absorb, in being wholesome as an element, but not as the mainstay of mental sustenance. As undoubtedly too much is often read, and too little seldom, steps which give a more even chance to other lines are to be encouraged. Speaking recently of improvements in the public library at Washington, we omitted one device which deserves approval—the use of open shelf room to invite attention to the more wholesome kinds of reading. Too commonly what meets the eye most promptly in a library or reading-room is the latest novel. The Washington library, during 1905, reduced the open shelf space devoted to fiction by about one-half, with a corresponding increase of works of more serious interest, which thus have the advantage of being reached without writing slips or looking in a catalogue. History and travel were put upon the open shelves in December, 1904, and the circulation of such volumes had almost doubled by October, 1905. Another admirable step is the removal of restrictions on the number of volumes to be taken at one time, provided those volumes belong to some other class than fiction.

RESTRICTING FICTION

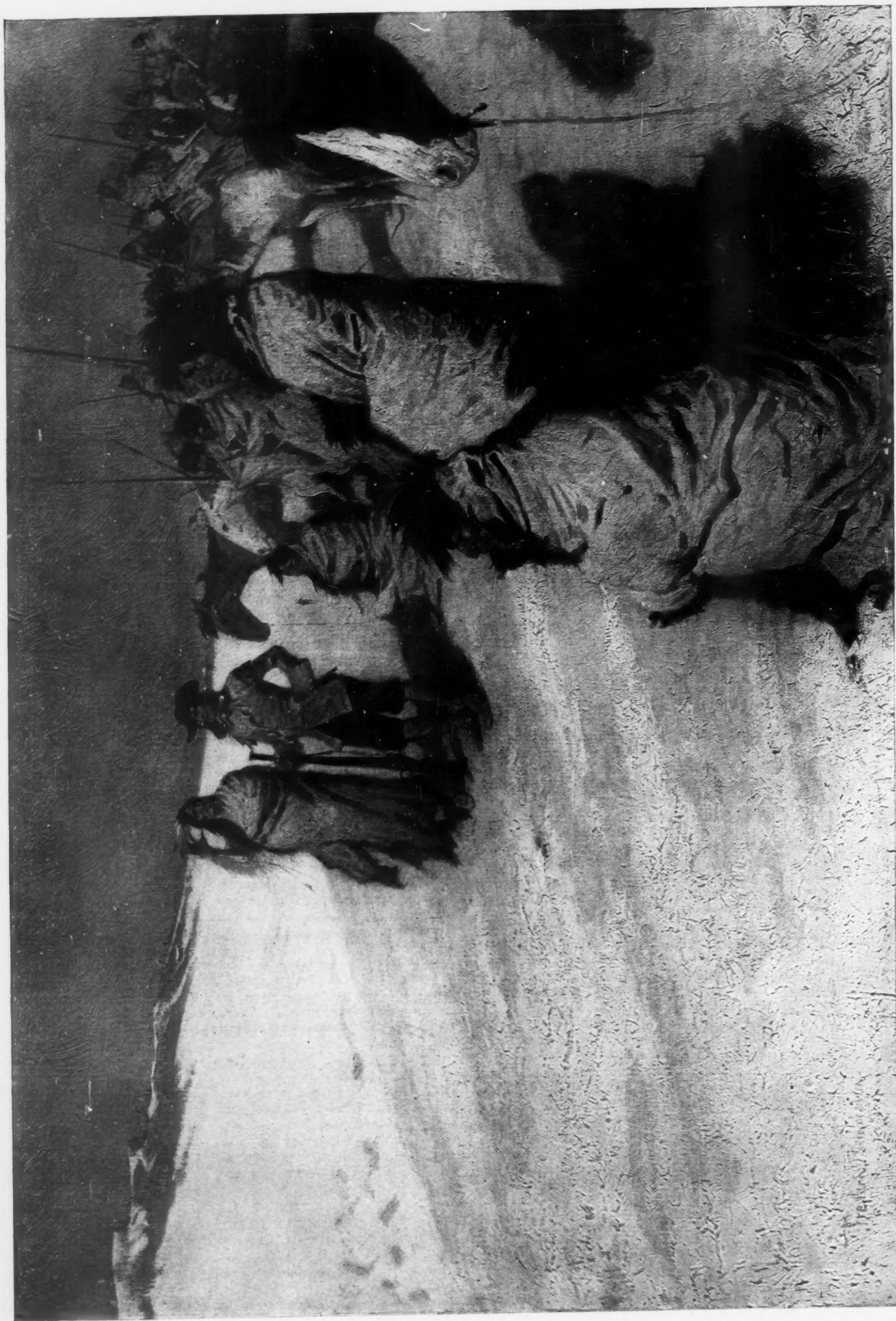
ONE MAN WRITES what another man has written many years before, and this happens over and over again, without any lack of originality. It means not plagiarism, but some uniformity in environment and in the structure of the human mind:

"And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Sâki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour."

We certainly, in the wildest divagations of our fancy, never deemed ourselves original, and hence are unbruised when a friendly correspondent finds some sentences in GEORGE MEREDITH's "Diana of the Crossways" that strongly suggest to him both our manner of invective and certain cartoons of Mr. KEMBLE. "It was one of those journals . . . dedicated to the putrid of the upper circle, wherein initials raised sewer-lamps and Asmodeus lifted a roof, leering hideously. Thousands detested it and fattened their crops on it," *et sequitur*. Mr. OSBORNE, our friend might have added also, elaborated the simile of Asmodeus with much effect; and yet not Mr. OSBORNE, with his Asmodeus, or Mr. KEMBLE, with his sewer, or ourselves, with the general similarity of style, had any memory of this sentence in "Diana," which doubtless all of us had met somewhere in the corridors of the past. The trifle is of interest, for it shows how much alike are beings such as we. Man as a race may be, indeed, "a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave," but he, like other products of fecund Nature, offers plentiful repetition of similar moods and features.

NEWSPAPER PROGRESS

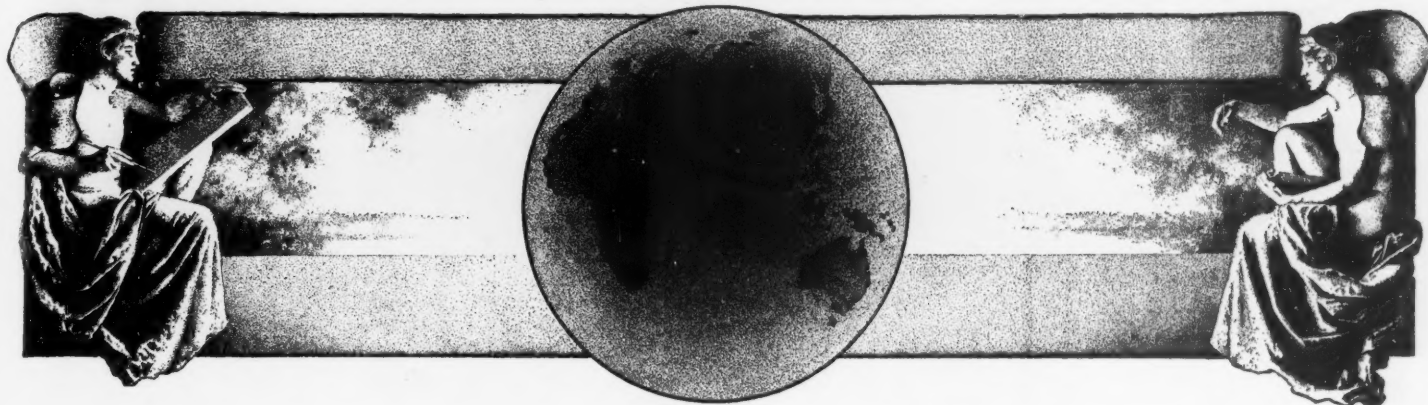
NEWSPAPERS GROW BETTER in their character and their influence. This fact may lately have been obscured by the amount of criticism, most of it just, that has been passed upon certain evils in the press. Papers are proper subjects of criticism, like gas companies, insurance companies, politics, or oil trusts, and we have been among those to be as frank about our own profession as about any other. The truth remains that the American newspapers to-day have more power and use it for better ends than at any previous time. The permanence and reality of this gain depend on us. The newspapers influence us, but we also influence them. They are the air which every day we take into our systems, but also they are a product of ourselves. They will grow better if we grow better. Money will tempt them less if it becomes less of a power with all of us. Success will be less exclusively their standard if we all are guided by a brighter star. We are trying to make political standards nobler. We are trying to remove corruption from the great business enterprises that affect the welfare of us all. At present the wave of exposure seems to accompany a genuine moral uplift. If it is real, if the whole tone of our society is being raised, then this belief in better newspapers will be justified. If there is no genuine improvement in our hearts, if the outbreak of exposure is only an epidemic, then, of course, this apparent step forward of the press will prove illusive also. We are glad to be among those who believe in its reality.



THE GREAT EXPLORERS. VI—LA VÉRENDRYE
PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

Copyright 1906 by F. J. GILLES & SON
M. de la Vérendrye, a fur trader, traveled westward and finally penetrated with a Crow Indian war party in the winter time to within sight of the Big Horn Mountains in 1743

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has recommended a new scheme of coast defenses, to supplement that in progress for the past twenty years on the plans of the Endicott Board, at an estimated final cost of about fifty million dollars. ¶The insurance investigation has extended to Washington, where the House Committee on Privileges and Elections is preparing to explore the subject of campaign contributions. ¶The Senate Committee on the Philippines voted on March 2 to smother the Administration bill reducing the duties on Philippine products. ¶Joseph Medill Patterson, late Commissioner of Public Works under Mayor Dunne of Chicago, has resigned his position because his ideas have advanced from Municipal Ownership to straight Socialism. He took part in a radical conference called by Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes at Noroton, Connecticut, but the members failed to agree. ¶Enraged by the shooting of a white man by a negro, a mob of two thousand men at Springfield, Ohio, raided the negro quarter on the night of February 27, burned houses, and held the town in terror for two days. The local authorities were helpless and the local militia untrustworthy, and order was not restored until the place was occupied by a strong force of militia from a distance. ¶Ex-Premier Balfour finally secured his seat in Parliament for the City of London on February 27 by the great majority of 11,340. ¶In a general order to the army and navy President Roosevelt commended the work and the principles

of conduct of Admiral Togo and held them up as models for the emulation of our soldiers and sailors. ¶The Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate has reported the Santo Domingo treaty favorably, with amendments, by a strict party vote. It will be impossible to secure the necessary two-thirds vote for ratification without Democratic support, which is not in sight. ¶A tornado struck Meridian, Mississippi, March 2, destroying over twenty-five lives and about a million dollars' worth of property. ¶News of a still more destructive cyclone in the South Pacific on February 7 and 8 reached San Francisco March 3. The Society, Tuamotu, and Cook Islands were devastated, although there was little loss of life, and it was said that several islands disappeared. ¶The Pennsylvania Railroad proposes to build a distinct double-track freight road from Pittsburg to Philadelphia and New York, paralleling its present line and making a six-track system. ¶A vote on a test question in the Algeiras Conference, March 3, showed only Austria-Hungary and Morocco on the side of Germany, with seven Powers on the side of France. ¶The Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals on March 3 gave up the attempt to make Mr. William Nelson Cromwell answer certain questions propounded by Senator Morgan. ¶Lieutenant Schmidt, the leader of the great naval mutiny at Sebastopol last June, was sentenced on March 3 to be hanged, with a number of his companions, but was pardoned by the Czar the next day

A NEW ERA IN COAST DEFENSE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is burnishing up our arms as industriously as if he expected war. Following his appeal to our soldiers and sailors to profit by the example and the counsels of the immortal Togo, he sent to Congress on March 5 the report of the National Coast Defense Board, accompanied by a message in which he emphasized the need of a new scheme of protection for our seaports.

The Endicott Board filed its monumental report in 1886. For twenty years its recommendations have been the standard we have been trying to attain. Now, when the Endicott plans have been almost realized, the progress of invention demands new efforts. Twenty years ago our ports were absolutely defenseless. We used to be told then that a single modern gunboat could range up and down our coasts and lay every city in ashes. Now our cities are defended by impregnable fortifications, and beyond them we have the second fighting navy in the world. The question now is not of creating defenses from the beginning, but of making good ones better.

The Endicott scheme proposed to supersede the imposing old masonry forts that formerly guarded and still ornament the entrances to our ports with high-powered guns in armored casemates and mortars in pits. These were to be supplemented by a system of submarine mines, torpedo boats, and floating batteries. As the work has gone on there has been a gradual development in the plans. We have learned how to mount guns of all sizes on disappearing carriages, and that has enabled

us to depend on earthwork protection instead of on the ponderous plates of steel and the cast-iron turrets by which we expected at first to shield our weapons. We have so far increased the range of our guns that we can command channels which we had thought could be defended only by floating batteries. We have greatly extended the useful-

ness of the rapid-fire gun. We have learned to supplement the stationary floating mine, which had to be hunted out by the enemy before it would do him any harm, with the movable torpedo carried on a submarine boat which will hunt out the enemy itself. There are some most important points that could not be effectively defended by the methods known

when the Endicott Board made its report. A particularly glaring case was the wide entrance of Chesapeake Bay. We protected Hampton Roads, the Potomac, and the approaches to Baltimore, but we had no way, apart from our navy, of preventing a hostile fleet from ranging up and down the rich shores and destroying the busy commerce of the inland sea that lies at the gates of the national capital and of the business metropolis of the South. Now we can make the whole of Chesapeake Bay a safe refuge for our shipping, and this is the first of the great projects recommended by the new Board. Long Island Sound, whose entrance we have been fortifying for years, will be in the same position. It is proposed to spend \$19,873,895 on the defenses of our insular possessions, in addition to \$2,254,920 already appropriated. The cost of fortifying the Panama Canal is estimated at \$4,887,682, besides the value of the land. It will take some ingenuity to reconcile fortifications on this scale with the cautious terms of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which say: "The Canal shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised nor any act of hostility be committed within it. The United States, however,

shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the Canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder." Perhaps President Roosevelt may be able to bring five million dollars' worth of big guns and emplacements under the head of equipments of a military police, and an attack by a hostile Power would naturally come under the head of "lawlessness and disorder."



IN THE TRACK OF A TORNADO

Front Street, Meridian, Mississippi, after the cyclone that devastated the town on March 2, killing and wounding nearly a hundred people and damaging property to the extent of a million dollars

ness of the rapid-fire gun. We have learned to supplement the stationary floating mine, which had to be hunted out by the enemy before it would do him any harm, with the movable torpedo carried on a submarine boat which will hunt out the enemy itself.

There are some most important points that could not be effectively defended by the methods known

IN THE THROES OF REFORM

THE great insurance companies are trying to adjust themselves to the new conditions created by the resolve of the public to take charge of their business, and they do not find the process altogether pleasant. The Mutual, in particular, has been torn by such internal dissensions as were making life a burden a year ago for the Equitable. Ever since Mr. Fish resigned from the Truesdale Committee, the element left in temporary control has been making desperate, but unavailing, efforts to free itself from the reputation of being engaged in a whitewashing enterprise. Mr. Truesdale and Mr. Auchincloss, the surviving members of the Committee, gave out a joint statement on February 26, in which they said:

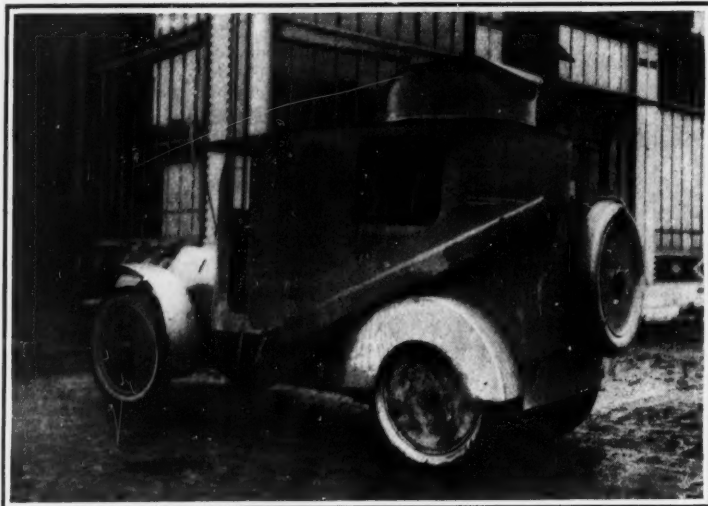
"Mr. Fish was never asked by us or by any one in our behalf to sign a 'whitewashing report.' No such report has ever been drawn, and none has been considered, suggested, or even thought of, so far as we have any knowledge, and no such report can or will be made. . . . Any statement regarding the alleged connection between the affairs of the Mutual Life and the Illinois Central Railroad Company is equally untrue, so far as we have any personal knowledge or reason to believe."

But these optimistic views were not shared by all the persons interested in the Mutual's affairs. On March 1 the chairman of the British Policy-holders' Protection Association Committee, Lord Northcliffe, formerly Sir Alfred Harmsworth, cabled to Mr. Fish, urging him not to abandon his "strenuous efforts for thorough investigation and genuine reform," but to continue to support with all his power and influence a general movement to liberate the Mutual "from trusts and Wall Street, making it once more really mutual, managed solely in the policy-holders' interests." Mr. Fish replied:

"Having become satisfied thorough investigation from inside impracticable, I resigned from committee and later from board. The committee's four counsel also resigned. Am invited to join policy-holders' movement for investigation and reform. What would you suggest? Would you also join International Policy-holders' Committee and provide suitable French and German representatives for whom you can vouch?"

To this a cordial response was received, pledging the solid support of the British policy-holders to Mr. Fish, behind whom all the Mutual reformers, including the Lawson Governors' Committee and the committee for which John DeWitt Warner is counsel, seem preparing to line up. Meanwhile, in spite of the denials of any intention to undermine Mr. Fish in the Illinois Central, Wall Street continues to believe that such a campaign is in progress, although it has aroused defensive forces that daunt its promoters.

The revised requisition of the Truesdale Committee, as it stood after expurgation to suit Presi-



AN ARMORED WAR AUTOMOBILE OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY HORSE-POWER

This monster, built secretly for the French Government, carries two rapid-fire guns and can go independently of roads across fields and ditches. Several Powers are trying to secure similar machines



AT THE OTHER AUTOMOBILE EXTREME IN PARIS

Alphonse Constantini with his motor skates. Each skate is a complete little automobile, weighing about thirty pounds, and run by its own one and one-half horse-power air-cooled gasoline motor. The pair will carry a man at thirty miles an hour, and the little tank fastened to the operator's waist will carry gasoline enough for a trip of forty-five miles

dent Peabody's ideas of expediency, was made public on March 2. It cut out the call for information about the financial transactions of the trustees, and their relations with subsidiary corporations, and confined itself chiefly to the doings of salaried employees, and to the results of the company's operations in real estate and securities. Notwithstanding the assurances that the McCurdys were to be sued, they were allowed to sail for Europe on March 1 without the service of papers. It was asserted afterward, however, that they were under written pledge to District Attorney Jerome to return by September 1, and sooner if wanted in criminal proceedings.

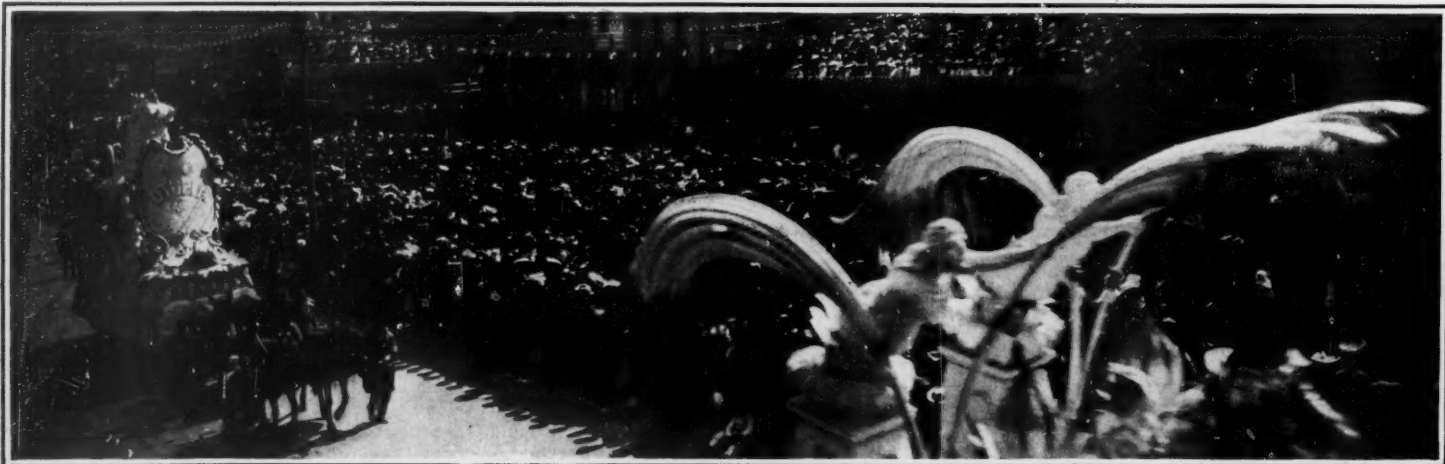
The annual report of the Equitable for 1905 gives the first opportunity to measure the effects of the past year's upheaval upon the business of the great companies. For the first time since the frenzied race for new business began, the

total insurance in force shows a decline, falling off from \$1,495,542,892 at the end of 1904 to \$1,465,123,436 at the end of 1905. The new business written during the year amounted to \$141,695,255, or \$81,224,782 less than the amount written the year before, and \$8,304,745 less than the limit proposed by the Armstrong Committee. Had there been no scandal the Equitable would probably have written at least \$250,000,000, and perhaps \$300,000,000, of new business in 1905, so that Mr. Hyde's costume ball may be said to have cost the company over \$100,000,000 of insurance in one year. In 1904 the Equitable paid \$2,931,305.36 in surrender values, and in 1905 \$10,662,975.37. The total assets increased from \$413,953,020.74 to \$420,973,756.92, but the surplus shrank from \$80,794,269 to \$68,457,190. The terminations of insurance during the year amounted to \$172,104,711. The various investigations cost the company \$502,152 in actual cash.

FROM PUBLIC OWNERSHIP TO SOCIALISM

MAYOR DUNNE of Chicago has lost one of the principal members of his administration in a remarkable manner. In his campaign for election Judge Dunne had the ardent support of Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, one of the editors, and the son of the principal proprietor, of the Chicago "Tribune," who resigned his position on that paper to promote the cause of municipal ownership. When the new Mayor took office, Mr. Patterson was appointed Commissioner of Public Works, in which position he carried on a crusade against powerful lawbreakers. Now he has sent in a letter of resignation, in which he says:

"I used to believe that many of the ills under which



THE MARDI-GRAS PROCESSION IN CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS

Passing the Boston Club—The King of the Carnival (in prosaic times Mr. A. M. Halliday) on the float in the right foreground. The Queen (Miss Adrienne Lawrence) is in the lower row of seats in the grand stand to the left of the, step-ladder, flanked by her maids of honor. His Majesty on the float has just toasted his royal consort in passing

the nation suffers and by which it is threatened would be prevented or avoided by the general inauguration of the policy of ownership of public utilities. But my experience in the Department of Public Works has convinced me that this policy would not be even one-fourth of the way sufficient.

"The whole body of our laws as at present framed are ridiculous and obsolete. They are designed always to uphold capital at the expense of the community."

"I realized soon after I took the office that to fight privilege under the present laws would be a jest. The

cards were stacked in its favor from the start; the dice were loaded, and are loaded against the community."

Mr. Patterson adds that he has reached the conclusion that nothing will cure the ills of society except the common ownership of all the means of production and distribution. "In other words," he concludes, "as I understand it, I am a Socialist."

"I hardly have read a book on Socialism, but that which I have just enunciated I believe in general to be

their theory. If it is their theory, I am a Socialist. You will find, and other advanced liberals and radicals who believe as you do also will find, that you are merely paltering with skin-deep measures when you stop short of Socialism."

This conversion of a rich young man to Socialism by the mere force of his own experiences in public life is one of the most extraordinary incidents of an extraordinary period of mental ferment.

OUR PHILIPPINE BURDEN

ANOTHER long step toward home rule for the Philippines was taken on March 1, when elections for provincial governors were held throughout the islands. According to a cable message from Governor-General Ide to the War Department, the affair passed off satisfactorily, although the exercise of the suffrage on such a scale was altogether novel to the people, and not a single case of disorder occurred. A candid Filipino correspondent could hardly say as much after a general election in America. All the governors elected have been confirmed except three, against whom there are charges of bribery and intimidation. One leading agitator for independence was elected and confirmed. In one province an American, Reynolds, was elected on the seventeenth ballot. Repeated balloting was necessary in many cases. In this respect electoral methods in the Philippines are far in advance of our own. There is no single reform that would do as much for the restoration of democratic government and the extermination of bosses among us as the abolition of plurality elections and the adoption of the rule that if no candidate had an absolute majority of all the votes cast the balloting should be repeated. With such a rule citizens would not be afraid to vote independently, because they would know that a minority party could not possibly slip into power through a division in the majority, and the first ballot would be in the nature of an official primary which would unerringly designate the most popular candidates of each party.

Although the elections in the Philippines have gone so smoothly, the situation is not satisfactory in all other respects. At a hearing before the Senate Committee on the Philippines on February 28, Secretary Taft frankly admitted that a majority of intelligent Filipinos wanted absolute independence. But he thought that without our restraining power there would be revolutionary conditions like those in the South American republics. By a curious oversight he did not suggest that we should send our troops to occupy and govern South America in order to suppress such conditions there, although that would seem to be nearer our sphere of duty than the Philippines. Senator Hale asserted that almost every American soldier who went to the islands came back a physical wreck—a condition which, according to the Secretary, was due more to drink than to the climate.

Such little American sentiment as might have existed among the Filipinos may be presumed to have been pretty effectually extinguished by the extraordinary treatment inflicted upon the Administration's Tariff bill by the Senate Committee on March 2. This bill had passed the House by 258 to 71, receiving the support of a large majority of

the Republicans and of almost all the Democrats. It had been urged for years by President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft, who had said that justice, honor, and humanity alike demanded its enactment. Under its terms the duties on sugar, tobacco, and rice would have been reduced to one-fourth of the Dingley rates, and absolute free trade both ways would have prevailed after April 11, 1909. When it reached the Senate it was referred to the Com-

merely a means of tripping up the President. They resented White House dictation in the matters of railroad rates and Statehood, and "took it out" on the President's Filipino protégés.

When the bill came up for action on March 2, the committee treated it with unexampled contempt. First it rejected, by a vote of eight to five, Senator Lodge's motion to report the measure favorably. Of the eight negative votes five were given by Republicans—Hale, Burrows, Dick, Nixon, and Brandegee—and three by sugar and tobacco Democrats—Culberson, Dubois, and Stone. Three Republicans—Lodge, Beveridge, and Long—and two Democrats—McCreary and Carmack—supported the motion. Partisan lines could not have been more thoroughly smashed. The majority of the Republicans repudiated their party Administration, and the majority of the Democrats repudiated their party policy, under the joint pull of sordid interests and peanut politics. When the attempt to secure a favorable report failed, Mr. McCreary moved to report the bill without recommendation. That got the vote of Mr. Nixon of Nevada, but there were still seven to six against the proposition. In a last desperate effort to give the Senate a chance to act on the matter, Mr. Lodge moved an adverse report, but the solid seven defeated even that. Thus the bill was immovably lodged in a committee pigeon-hole, whence only very unusual action by the Senate could get it out, and conscientious imperialists were brought face to face with the question whether it would not be best for us to abandon dependencies we had proved ourselves hopelessly unfit to rule.

When we undertook to govern the Philippines we did it largely as a philanthropic enterprise. It was to be a case of "benevolent assimilation." We knew that our intentions—the intentions of the man in the street—were good, and we were struck with pained surprise by the ignorant Filipino misconstruction of our motives. We did not realize that laws were not made by the man in the street, and that a few agents of greedy private interests, working industriously all the time, could accomplish more at Washington than ten million citizens radiating sentimental benevolence and not working at all. Now that the humiliating fact has been forced upon us, there seems likely to be a considerable growth of the notion that the Filipinos, ignorant and inexperienced as they may be, might fare better stumbling along their own road than ruled by distant politicians who care nothing for their interests or their sufferings.

Incidentally, the humiliating spectacle presented by the cheap tricksters of the Philippine Committee adds one more item to the long account of the American people against the Senate.



SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY

Born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, August 22, 1834; died at Alken, South Carolina, February 27, 1906. Professor Langley maintained the distinction of the Secretaryship of the Smithsonian, established by Henry and Baird, developed the New Astronomy, and won popular fame by his experiments in aerial navigation.

mittee on the Philippines, and there the welfare of our brown stepchildren became hopelessly entangled in the toils of political intrigue. There was a solid nucleus of opposition in the Senators whose conceptions of statesmanship and of national honor are bounded by the profits on sugar and tobacco. But this would not have been enough in itself to defeat the Administration's policy. The sugar and tobacco Senators were reinforced by others to whom the question of justice to the Philippines was



General view of the ruins of six houses burned by the mob



Another partially burned house after the mob had finished its work

EFFECTS OF RACE WAR IN SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

The shooting of a brakeman by a negro led to an attack on the negro quarter on the night of February 27, and anarchy prevailed until a force of outside militia suppressed the mob some days later

ON A CERTAIN PREJUDICE IN COLLIER'S

By ANTHONY HOPE

THE genesis of these remarks is to be traced to a letter which I wrote a little while back to my friend, Mr. Norman Hapgood—having occasion to address him on another matter—and in which I lightly animadverted on a tendency I had noticed of late in his critical utterances, and in those of one or two at least of his colleagues, in regard to novels or short stories. Mr. Hapgood's reply took the hospitable form of an invitation to write an article. Writing an article is a thing so entirely different from exhorting or upbraiding a good friend in a private letter that I hesitated. Yet my point seems one worth stating.

Recently COLLIER'S instituted a competition—perhaps others will be instituted—and, as I understand from a constant and faithful study of the paper, prizes are to be awarded periodically. The foremost requisite—one at least inferior to none other in importance—for the judicial position thus assumed in regard to literature is literary impartiality. By this phrase I mean nothing in regard to persons; there I do not for a moment question or distrust COLLIER'S absolute fairness; high and humble, veteran and novice, American and Englishman, will stand on their merits. I refer to their attitude (I must treat COLLIER'S as a corporation) toward the matter of literature—or, more simply and more specifically, the subject of stories. I have to rely on my memory for the instances of the tendency which evoked my remonstrance. An expression of thanks was rendered, in the account of the prize-giving in the recent competition, that very few of the stories were "foreign" or "society" stories. Again, in a recent article on novels of the day (including, as I hasten to confess, one of my own), "artificiality" appeared to be assumed and predicated of "society novels" *en bloc*, and seemingly as of inherent necessity.

It was on this point that I took up arms. I accused my correspondent of a "Rousseau-like fallacy." I suggested to him the question whether people who are commonly described as "primitive," "natural," or "simple" were in reality less "artificial" or more interesting, and more worthy of study and description, than those who are commonly called "society people."

That we may not fight about words, let me define in what sense I understand COLLIER'S to use the term "society stories" or "society novels." Will they quarrel if I suggest that they mean stories and tales which are not (to take examples at hazard) about cowboys or destitute Polish Jews, or the skippers of barely seaworthy and entirely disreputable "tramp" steamers, or about wolves and their habits, or dogs and their inner aspirations (I am not denying that all these may be excellent subjects for stories—even the aspiring dog, I suppose, though I make that admission with some reluctance), but which treat of men and women (I do not bar the occasional and incidental introduction of babies) of a mode of life at least comfortable, dwellers in cities or, anyhow, conversant with city life as it is

lived nowadays, ratepayers (as we should say in England) belonging to the well-to-do classes—such people, in short, as COLLIER'S and I are in the habit of consorting with ourselves, or at least of meeting when we are asked out to dinner? I do not think that I am unfair in proffering this vague but roughly correct definition of "society stories."

And "artificial"! What do they mean by that? Here I am somewhat at a loss how to meet or how to conciliate my friendly (and, I must confess, self-sought) opponents. But I have a suspicion that they use the word "artificial" where I should perhaps write "civilized." By "natural" they would mean primitive, and by primitive they would mean something the existence of which, either to-day or at any other time, is exceedingly doubtful. They have, as I have hinted, their precedents. The Romans talked and versified of the Golden Age—*Redeant Saturnia Regna*—and of the *præcæ virtus*; Rousseau preached the "state of nature"; mankind has often dreamed of it; Falstaff mentions it. The cowboys and the tramp skippers may be a modern, if a less poetic and more dramatic, incarnation of the idea; the faithful hound, too, is of classic pedigree, though he was not of yore such a much greater man than his master.

Unfortunately knowledge comes in and the vision vanishes, or at least recedes into an inaccessible, purely hypothetical, past. We read of societies the most "primitive" known to, or approachable by, the apparatus of modern scientific research—American Indians before contact with the whites, some races of British India, the aboriginal tribes of Australia; other instances might be given, but I do not wish to go beyond the range of my reading.

Are these "primitive" social organizations free from the conventionalities which affect (for good or evil) "society" in the sense above defined? Most emphatically—no. Their social relations, their family arrangements, their marriage codes, their rules and etiquette of life are not less but more complicated, imperative, and all-pervading; their religious observances are more elaborate, more exacting, more time-consuming, and (relatively to their wealth) more expensive. They are more limited, more terrorized, more bound down, in a multitude of ways more shackled and fettered than we (I mean COLLIER'S and myself and people like us) are. Why, then, are they to be dubbed—calmly and without argument—as less "artificial?"

So much for a brief indication of the negative side. Now for the positive. Man seeks, causes, and (if I am not putting it too boldly) worships Life. At first (I concede this handsomely) Life means living and continuing to live—giving and endeavoring to give Life—with the pleasures attendant on these processes; the conception of the end is simple, however complicated and tortuous are the means considered best adapted to secure it. Perhaps here we have the root of COLLIER'S idea. The simple is the "natural"! And that only?

Is growth "artificial"? "Has society" lost anything of these primitive impulses and this ruling instinct? Don't we still strive to live and to give life? Surely we do. Only we mean more by Life. We mean not merely to live, but to "live well." Aristotle said that many years ago. If he happened to be alive, he would be a valuable and, I am sure, a valued contributor to COLLIER'S.

To the conception of mere existence and of mere propagation we have added the ideas—and the ideals—of knowledge, of beauty, of freedom of thought, of the other things which we call civilization. We have succeeded in so controlling the forces of nature and so organizing and allotting the labors of man that many have leisure from the bare struggle for life, and have a chance (as a Document within your knowledge phrases it) of "the pursuit of happiness." Happiness, too, comes to mean more, to have a richer content. But is it for that reason "artificial"? If so, the effort must be to make all men "artificial"—the masters of life, and not its slaves. That far-off ideal is not a product of the "state of nature."

Any man written about in a shallow way—be he Cherokee or Khond, be he senator or millionaire, be he editor or novelist—is "artificial." That is, he's not a real thing at all, but a convention—a simulacrum with a label. I admit plenty of them in "society novels"; but are there not plenty, too, among the sentimental cutthroats, the heroic, sweet-mannered homicides, and the talking dogs of "natural" stories?

In truth, nature is very "artificial." She never remains primitive nor stands still. Men and races develop or die. That's the choice. But development is not losing what you had before, but adding what you had not. So there is not less to write about, but, for him who can see it, something more.

My wish has been not to attack, but to defend. I am for all sorts of work, so that each be, in its own sort, good. No doubt COLLIER'S will make the same claim. If they are to make it justly, let them beware of their little prejudice! And not less because to-day there seems some danger of literature becoming too keen a champion of "physical force"—of her setting up the ability (and perhaps the readiness) to take the other man's scalp or to punch the other man's head, as the final standard of manhood. It is not so. Nor are these simple operations themselves final save in a personal point of view. What the scalp covered and what the head held survive the taking and the punching, and decide other takings and punchings afterward on a larger and an organized scale.

The struggle is, dimly and with many relapses, toward the Rule of Reason. Bad as Fifth Avenue and Park Lane, no doubt, are in regard to the Rule of Reason, I am not disposed to admit that they are worse than the cowboys and the captains—or even the super-dogs—or that a study of them is inferior in human interest or more barren of enlightenment.

ON THE ABOVE ESSAY BY ANTHONY HOPE

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S position is impregnable. My humble task is to agree with him. His outlook on literature and the world is one that this paper struggles faithfully to attain. Fortunate, indeed, should we be if we had his judgment on the passing stream of writing, or periodical talks on fiction as illuminative as the one which a happy accident has led him to contribute. For his danger signal we are grateful. If we have a prejudice against the type he describes, his pleasant warning will help to its removal.

But let us first take up the facts—that modest element in the attainment of opinion. After the first contest, which is the one Mr. Hope has in mind, there was published the belief that, had we ourselves decided, the scales would have trembled between "Fagan," chosen by the outside judges, and an exquisite literary performance, in which the appeal was all to culture—"Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom." Since our own judgment has been followed, the two selections have been "The Sick-A-Bed Lady," a story of subtle quality and "civilized" material, and "At Ephesus," the whole theme of which is a moral discussion set in problems of modern medicine. What, then, was the cause of the misunderstanding wandered into by my astute and cherished friend? Partly, it may be, the mingling in his mind of impressions variously conveyed by writings of persons not members of the Collier staff, although perhaps contributors, but in part, no doubt, by my own habitual slackness of expression. The expression "society stories" is probably where we went astray. There were delivered at this office, in our first contest, myriad contributions, the prime effort of which was to paint the atmosphere of fashion. They were almost without exception silly. A "society story," in our sense of that bad phrase, meant a

tale of civilized existence, as Mr. Anthony Hope assumes, but a story which aims at presenting a picture of fashionable demeanor; a story in which the interest lies less in plot or individual character than in conveying an impression of the little world of modish life as it is dreamed by those for whom it constitutes a universe apart. Our experience has been that such struggles end disastrously with somewhat greater frequency than narratives about doctors, strange ladies with expectations, laboring men and their families, or even tramps and the brute creation; more frequently, because the instigation comes less often from a real idea, incident, or character, and more often from a shallow and ignorant interest in social pseudo-grandeur. Possibly in combating this infatuation language may have been used which would give a wrong impression of the standards followed by those who select fiction for this paper. Assuredly, to take a very high example, we should welcome no story of adventure, no tale of violent action, even could it equal in brilliancy the "Prisoner of Zenda," with more enthusiasm than would meet one conveying shades of civilization with the exquisite understanding of "The King's Mirror," or the masterly wit and delicacy of "The Dolly Dialogues." "Society," in the sense in which in America it inspires so abnormally large an amount of empty fiction, means "the 400." In England, no doubt, the corresponding brand of art would include a greater exhibition of duchesses than of sense. Perhaps there is no such thing in England as an excessive crop of human beings laboring to reflect in fiction the wonderfulness of being "in society." Perhaps in England the "simulacrum with a label" is more likely to be found in cutthroats and talking dogs. Editorial sufferings, in this country, in dealing with the great unpublished, have been more

often with society, and, although this conclusion is the result not of theory, but of experience, perhaps some kind of an explanation may be found.

In England the aristocracy always has been cast, in the whole structure of politics and society, for a rôle of much importance. Writers of fiction, therefore, truly mirroring the world about, would give prominence to the class which in Great Britain stands, among other things, for social eminence. In this country, however, no thinker of competence, observing the little group which alone is socially conspicuous, would mistake it for a phenomenon of greater interest or importance than an equal number of other beings. Read our feeble periodicals, however, and you will find probably one-half of all the fiction set in this group of individuals. The dreamy maiden of Elberon or Duck Run creates a demand for a world of social glamour, and the novelist turns out steam yachts, automobiles, grooms, and Sherry lunches in response. The comparison we sought to make was not between civilized and barbaric, prosperous and downtrodden, or violent and refined; nor did we mean to defend other conventions as dead as the one which caused our tears. The cry was emitted in response to the carloads of fiction about society, brought out by money prizes advertised so flagrantly that the very swamps of Florida responded with untutored genius. Since we adopted a quieter method this deluge has disappeared, for among writers of standing the prepossession with "smartness" is less likely to exist. An Englishman may well fail to understand the degree of significance inherently attaching to our "400," or the amount and quality of fiction of which it is the theme; and it is possible that these considerations, as well as the meaning of my careless language, may, even by Mr. Anthony Hope, have been partly guessed amiss.

FOOD OR FRAUD?

A QUESTION FOR CONGRESS

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, Author of "The Great American Fraud" series, exposing Patent Medicines

The American people have submitted to this. They generally submit to fraud and imposition for a great while before they awake to it. They have been so used to being defrauded in what they purchase in drugs and foods that they for years have thought there was no possible remedy, and they would take it as a matter of course, but they are waking up to the imposition. The fact that the reputable magazines in the country and the reputable newspapers in the country are insisting upon some character of action seems to me to be the strongest proof that the people have made up their minds that they will no longer submit to this imposition."—Speech by Mr. McCumber in the U. S. Senate.

FOR seventeen years a measure to do away with fraud in the business of manufacturing and selling the primal necessities of life has been knocking at our legislative doors. Every legislator in both Houses of Congress has been (for publication) a hearty advocate of the principle implied. It is hardly conceivable that any Member would dare openly to oppose it. Yet those seventeen years of patient effort have proven consistently futile. Special interests engaged in the perpetration of what has been aptly termed "a perpetual system of theft against all of the people all of the time" have been able to prevent any of the many bills offered from becoming a law. Many of those statesmen who have virtuously advocated the ethics of pure food legislation have, by picking minor flaws, or by that melancholy farce of parliamentary juggling which has become so familiar on the floor of the United States Senate, denied the popular demand. Again this year the matter is before Congress; the forces on each side are aligned; the fight is in progress, and the opening battle was won when the Senate, by a majority which amazed the initiated, passed the Pure Food bill. It now rests with the House to say whether it shall protect the interests of the food adulterator against the interests of the food consumer; the dollars of the few who live by, against the dimes of the millions who live upon, the product of this industry.

No law could be more simple in its essentials than the proposed Pure Food law. Designated as the Heyburn Bill in the Senate and the Hepburn Bill in the House, it presents in its two phases no vital or irreconcilable differences. It forbids interstate commerce in any adulterated, misbranded, poisonous, or deleterious article of food, and makes violation of the law a misdemeanor. The matter of analysis for determination of adulterations is left to the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, of which Dr. H. W. Wiley is the director. If the examination shows adulteration or misbranding, the United States District Attorney in the district where the violation is committed is notified to proceed against the accused in the courts. To protect the retail dealer, who can hardly be expected to have analyses of all his goods made, the bill exempts him from punishment if he can produce a guaranty of purity from the manufacturer or shipper of the offending article. For it is the responsible culprit that the framers of the present law are after; the culprit who under our non-intrusive State laws has generally been able to escape prosecution. "Let the label tell" is the gist of the prospective law.

As Things Would Be

Now for an example of how this law would work in practice: Suppose Mrs. Smith in Texas or Mississippi (where pretty much any kind of sawdust, mud, or other waste material can be sold as food without legislative interference) gets a letter from her sister, Mrs. Jones of North Dakota (where the law works six days a week and watches for further opportunities on the seventh), giving her some good advice on marketing, and backing it up with information from the State Food Department. Armed with this, Mrs. Smith goes to her grocer, who essays to sell her Sneyd & Fakem's Warranted Pure Strawberry Preserves. Mrs. Smith looks at her North Dakota report, and the following colloquy takes place:

MRS. SMITH—"Is this genuine strawberry preserve?"
THE GROCER—"You can see what it says on the label."

MRS. SMITH—"My family don't eat labels. I want to know about what's inside the jar."

THE GROCER—"We've always had a fine trade in Sneyd & Fakem's goods."

MRS. SMITH—"But this official report says that their strawberry preserve is nothing but apple cores and worm-holes boiled down, flavored with extract, and colored with aniline dye."

THE GROCER (*nuch shocked*)—"I never heard of such a thing!"

MRS. SMITH—"I'll take the jar. (*Opens it and picks out a seed.*) What do you call this?"

THE GROCER (*weakly*)—"Strawberry seed, I suppose."

MRS. SMITH (*grimly*)—"Do you? I don't. (*Picks a grape from a bunch and extracts a seed.*) What do you call this?"

THE GROCER (*desperately*)—"Grape seed, madam."

MRS. SMITH—"Quite so. (*Encloses the two in her hand, then discloses them.*) Now, which is which?"

THE GROCER—"Heaven knows! I don't. You needn't pay for that jar, ma'am."

Now, Mrs. Smith, supposing her to be a good citizen, writes to the State authorities to stir them up, or, per-

haps, direct to the Department of Agriculture, and in course of time an inspector calls upon the grocer. Well for that worthy tradesman if he can produce a statement showing that Sneyd & Fakem of Bunco Centre, Illinois, guarantee said strawberry preserves to be what the label states. In that case the retailer suffers nothing worse than the confiscation of the false goods, and probably a suit would stand compelling the manufacturer to make good his loss. Meantime, the United States District Attorney in Illinois, having received the documents in the case, is proceeding against Messrs. Sneyd & Fakem (who have hitherto turned out their flavored worm-holes unmolested) in a manner to convince them of the unprofitableness of further trade in that commodity.

And As Things Are

Under the present system, what protection would the mythical Mrs. Smith have? For a parallel to my imaginary case, I will quote a real one from a speech by Senator McCumber:

"Now, let me give an illustration of why we need national legislation. To do that I borrow from a statement made by one of the pure-food commissioners, or, rather, the Secretary, of the State of Kentucky. He states that in Morgansville, Kentucky, a woman and her little child came in with a basket and purchased a number of articles of food for their table, consisting of lard, of syrup, of jelly, of sausages. The price amounted to \$1.80. She gave the grocer all she had—\$1.57—and went away indebted to him twenty-three cents. Mr. Allen immediately purchased a quantity of each of those articles and analyzed them. He found the syrup was seventy per cent glucose, that the jelly contained nearly everything but fruit juice and was colored with coal-tar dye, the sausage contained an antiseptic, and the lard consisted of beef stearin and cotton-seed oil mixed. Had she gone into the market and bought those articles for what they were, at the very highest retail prices, they would not have cost her over ninety cents, and she would have gone away with sixty-seven cents in her pocket, instead of being indebted to the grocer twenty-three cents; and this, Mr. President, independent of the fraud that was perpetrated upon her, independent of the coal-tar dyes, which her children were compelled unconsciously to consume."

"I know our opponents say: 'You have got pure-food laws in about two thirds of the States, and you have got commissioners to enforce them. Why, then, do they not exterminate these evils?' That can be easily explained by taking the very case which has been mentioned. The lard which was purchased from the retailer in

to be honest if dishonest competition could be suppressed. In a large manufacturing wholesale and jobbing house I recently saw a number of divided spaces filled with unlabeled jars of preserves.

"What is this?" I asked the manager.

"Currant jelly," said he.

"And this in the next compartment?"

"The same. All these are currant jelly. They're for different States."

"Then they're differently made to comply with the various laws?"

"Not a bit. The only difference is in the labels. Massachusetts requires one label, Pennsylvania another, and so on. We have to have six or seven different labels for the same goods that contain no foreign matter except a preservative, and are perfectly harmless and permitted in all the States."

This I found to be true. That it is a hardship no one will doubt. Under a national law the State laws would soon be reduced to a homogeneous basis, obviating this difficulty. Indeed, I believe that this particular firm would be glad to see a national law, although they deal in a few low-class adulterated foods. One brand of corn, in particular, could not possibly be sold at the wholesale price if it were genuine. Asked about this, the manager said quite frankly:

"Of course, it isn't straight corn. We had to put out a cheap brand to meet the competition of So-and-So; but we would be glad to drop it to-morrow if our competitors could be stopped."

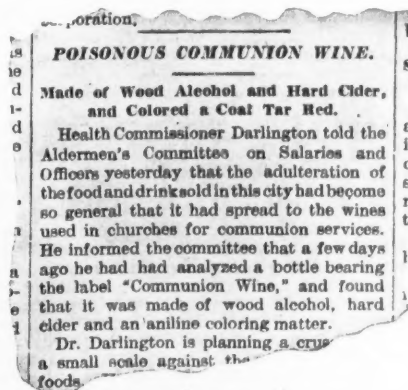
Why any honest manufacturer, or any manufacturer of high-priced foods where the return is sufficient to warrant legitimate dealing, should oppose the projected law, is difficult to see. Yet most of the manufacturing interests do oppose it; therefore the inference is inevitable that adulteration is the backbone of the trade. The retailer favors a national law, partly because of a natural preference for dealing fairly with his patrons, partly because, whereas the State regulations hold him (of necessity) responsible for violations, the bills now under consideration would shift the onus from him, an innocent party to the fraud, upon the real adulterator.

Danger even in "Harmless" Adulterations

Much has been written about the peril of poisonous food—much that is exaggerated and extravagant. Actual poisons in dangerous quantities are so rarely to be found as to be almost negligible. Yet adulterations with substances in themselves innocuous, or only slightly harmful, may actually cost human lives. For instance, water, if reasonably pure, is as harmless as anything could be. But dilute with it the milk used by children and the sinister result will be swiftly apparent in the infant mortality rate. Wheat flour is as good as gluten flour for most of us. But a sufferer from the common disease of diabetes must have gluten flour. An investigation of supposed samples of this substance in the Washington markets showed that a large proportion contained no gluten in addition to that contained in high-grade wheat flour. In other words, the supposed gluten flour was spurious. This kind of misbranding is murderous. As to the ordinary adulterations, such as preservatives, coloring dyes, etc., no one of them is likely to be taken in sufficient quantities to cause the warning gripe; but when one gets formalin in his milk, salicylic acid in his tomato catchup, boric acid in his "salt" codfish, "Preservaline," consisting of sodium sulphite, in his meat, rancid butter worked over with coloring and chemicals to a hypothesized freshness, vinegar concocted from a combination of acids, pickles and peas brought to a vivid green with copperas, and jams, jellies, and preserves made brilliant with aniline (coal-tar) dyes—when he compels his stomach hospitably to receive this mess of toxic pottage in a day, he is imposing upon it conditions worthy of Dr. Wiley's "Poison Squad." Be it noted, however, that the Pure Food bill lays stress not upon poison, which is difficult of proof, but upon fraud, which is obvious.

Only four votes were recorded against the Pure Food bill in the Senate, all of them by Southern Senators who opposed the measure on principle, as encroaching upon State rights. Yet opposition evinced itself in certain amendments; such opposition as justified the prophecy of those who declared, after the McCumber Pure Food bill was jockeyed out of existence in 1905 by the influence of Senators Spooner, Aldrich, Cullom, Gallinger, and others, that the real battle would be to bring the bill to a vote; that, once in the open, the opposition would melt away. One of the most dangerous attempts to make the law inoperative appears in Senator Gallinger's proposed amendment, providing that articles of food shall be regarded as adulterated when they contain "any poisonous or other substance in sufficient quantity to be deleterious to the health of human beings," the words in italics being the amendment. As a physician, Senator Gallinger doubtless knows that there is no exact standard of quantity for the physiological effect of poisons; that one man can swallow without fatal effects five times as much opium as would kill another man; and that, therefore, his amendment would practically take all the force out of the bill. At any rate, the amendment was withdrawn. So was an amendment by Senator Hemenway.

(Continued on page 15.)



FRAUD EVEN IN THE EUCHARIST

(From the New York Sun, February 14, 1906)

Kentucky was manufactured in St. Louis, the jelly was manufactured in Indiana, the syrup was manufactured in Ohio, the sausage was manufactured in Chicago. Every one of these articles was manufactured in a State outside of the State of their consumption. So, if you got after any man in the State of Kentucky, you would get after the innocent retailer."

Curiously enough, the only bulwark against fraudulent foods now provided by the Federal Government is at our entry ports. Adulterated or misbranded foreign goods are at once seized and confiscated, while those same goods manufactured in this country may be shipped from State to State with impunity to the manufacturer. "If my people are to be buncoed and poisoned," declares Uncle Sam in a fine fit of patriotism, "no foreigner shall get the profit." There's protection to home industries with a vengeance!

Not only are our present State laws, effective though some of them may be within their own borders, impotent to exercise a general protection until every State shall have passed and rigidly enforced stringent legislation, but they are actually unjust to the honest manufacturer, and to the manufacturer who would like



WHY ARIZONA SAYS "NO!"

HOW THE PROPOSITION TO ADMIT THE TWO SOUTHWESTERN TERRITORIES AS A SINGLE STATE IS REGARDED BY ONE OF THEM

WHY these wails from Arizona against the policy of benevolently assimilating her with New Mexico?

Why should Connecticut object to being annexed to South Carolina? You can travel from any part of Connecticut to Charleston a good deal more quickly, cheaply, and comfortably than from some parts of Arizona to Santa Fe. The ruling elements of both States speak the same language and belong to the same race. On the whole, the position of Connecticut tacked to South Carolina would be natural and even pleasant in comparison with the position of Arizona tacked to New Mexico.

What the people of Arizona ask is a chance to be consulted in the settlement of their own future. They wish to be allowed to take a separate vote upon the question of the proposed union with New Mexico, as is provided in the Foraker amendment, upon which the Senate will have passed before this appears in print. If that vote should be adverse to joint Statehood, Arizona would simply remain a Territory until such time as Congress thought her worthy of admission. The persons who are terrified by the prospect of two more "mining-camp Senators" are borrowing unnecessary trouble. Arizona has no jimmy to pry open the doors of the Senate. She can have no Senators at all until the rest of the country is willing to give them to her. She is thinking now entirely of her home affairs; she is protesting against having her most intimate domestic relations regulated by an unrelated majority five hundred miles from her centre of population.

To follow the arguments of the joint Statehood advocates one would think that States were created for Senators. The whole substance of the plea for the enforced union of the two Southwestern Territories is that if they should not be handcuffed together now one of them might some day be smuggled into a position in which it could balance the votes of New York in the Senate. Is not this a curious inversion of history and common-sense? Senators were created to serve States, not States to elect Senators. The great, essential, all-important reason for the existence of a State is the welfare of its own people. Local self-government, education, the protection of life and property, the administration of justice, the development of natural resources under the shelter of the law—these are the objects for which States are organized, and these are the purposes that would be thwarted in Arizona if her people were forced into subjection to New Mexico.

All these things are regulated in Arizona according to traditional American methods. In New Mexico the habits of thought of the majority of the people have

the Latin tendency to run in the mold of the civil law. This majority would form the majority of the proposed joint State, and would regulate the legal relations of a people of Anglo-Saxon stock on Latin principles. Over sixty per cent of the inhabitants of New Mexico are of Mexican descent, and even after sixty years of progress in Americanization it is still necessary to use interpreters in the courts and jury rooms of the majority of the counties of the Territory. The Legislature of New Mexico is controlled by the Spanish-American element, while in the Legislature of Arizona there is only one member of that race. Of course, in all this no reflection is intended upon the Mexican population. The point is simply that the two Territories are racially so different that neither ought to be put under the control of the other. The people of New Mexico are not anxious to be joined to Arizona, but they are willing to accept the union now because their present population would give them control of the joint State. If later the Arizona end of the discordant combination should outgrow and control the other it would be the people of New Mexico who would have a just grievance, which they would not be slow to express.

A Kingdom in Extent

It is said that Arizona can never grow to the stature of independent Statehood because too small a proportion of its area is arable land. But it would not take a very large proportion to make a State on the Eastern scale. Arizona, with 113,020 square miles, is larger by nearly 2,500 square miles than the Kingdom of Italy, which also has its uncultivable areas. It is almost as large as the six New England States and New York combined. It is considerably larger than New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware put together. All the farms of Rhode Island could be tucked away twice over in its valleys directly irrigable from streams, and semi-tropic irrigated farms in Arizona will support several times as many people to the square mile as the ordinary farms of the East. There are already 1,776 miles of irrigating canals in the Territory, and it is estimated that when the systems now projected are completed there will be three-quarters of a million acres under ditch. The Salt River project alone is the greatest undertaken by the Government in the whole United States. But all this is only the beginning of Arizona's agricultural resources.

There are great areas that can be irrigated from underground water supplies, and stretches of so-called "desert" that will support vast herds of cattle. The desert vegetation is not worthless. The yucca is a good

material for paper, and Luther Burbank's development of the spineless cactus gives a new resource to the stock-raiser.

Arizona has one unbroken forest that covers nearly twenty-four million acres, or over thirty-seven thousand square miles. That alone greatly exceeds the area of the whole State of Indiana, or of all the New England States, except Maine, put together. The value of such a huge mass of woodland in this age, when the whole continent is being combed for merchantable timber, needs no discussion.

In the Colorado River, running two hundred miles through the Grand Canyon in a long succession of falls and rapids, Arizona has one of the greatest water powers in the world. There are many streams whose power will make the foundation of a manufacturing industry, and a greater force than all, which will yet be harnessed in the service of man, is now running to waste in the solar energy that beats upon the despoiled deserts.

These are a few of the varied resources of the "mining camp" which some superior persons in States that are comparatively poverty-stricken think will never reach self-governing stature. And among them all we have not mentioned mining. Arizona produced forty million dollars' worth of copper in 1905. It now ranks next to Montana in that respect, and copper is a product that builds solid cities, not camps—a resource that can be counted upon to last indefinitely. Arizona produces gold, too, and silver and lead and quicksilver and rare minerals of many kinds. It has vast beds of valuable building stones, and its deserts are rich in lime and chemicals.

When Congress divided Arizona and New Mexico, over forty years ago, it did so because their union was plainly unnatural and burdensome to both. They are naturally separated by the Continental Divide which makes communication between them difficult, turning Arizona's currents of intercourse toward California and New Mexico's toward Texas. At that time Congress gave a pledge that Arizona should in due time become a separate State. The only reason for violating that pledge now is one of partisan strategy. It is thought that Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, whose right to joint admission nobody denies, would be a Democratic State, and for the sole purpose of balancing their Democratic Senators with two Republican Senators Arizona is to be dragged into the Union at the end of New Mexico's lariat. Her people object to having their interests sacrificed for such an object. They are not playing politics; not thinking of politics, and they ask the politicians to keep their hands off their destinies.

SEEIN' SIGHTS IN WASHINGTON

By ARTHUR RUHL



THERE are many other pilgrimages—the trolley-ride down Mount Vernon way, the automobile chariots lumbering round the town, and always the Monument is there, lifting its cold whiteness up and up into the blue. It is very austere and wonderful, as one stands close to the foot of it, with the little ant-like people straggling in and out the low door, and the dizzy, upshooting perspective, unsoftened, unlettered, cold, and sheer, less a pile of stones than some immovable, basic force rising to the skies. The pilgrims idle thither and within, hesitatingly, and a man in uniform, in a loud and automaton-like voice says: "Take your place at the end of the line." Blinking, after the outside sunshine, they follow his finger, and in a little cellar-like waiting-room find a dozen or so folks just like themselves waiting patiently for the elevator to come down. It descends very slowly, a stray voice echoing down the silent shaft.

"Stand up!" says the attendant. And grinning, half-amused, half-sheepishly, they rise and follow. "Face the elevator!" and they march into the cage. "All turn toward the door, please!" and then the gates are shut and up they go. As the car creeps upward, they catch vague glimpses of stones, with carving and inscriptions, buried there forever in the walls—as now

are buried those who gave them—and speaking wonderfully across the years of men and women and hopes and enthusiasms now dead and gone. Patriotic societies and lodges and Sunday-schools and volunteer hose companies; the "ladies of Lowell," the "Postmasters and assistant-postmasters of Indiana," a California town in its "days of old the days of gold," the employees of a locomotive works, leaving here a droll bas-relief of an engine of the fifties, with its funnel-shaped stack—all the quaint pageant of the crinoline days before the war comes flocking back here in this damp well, even the flicker of footlights and the faint echo of applause—"A Tribute of Respect from the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Dramatic Profession of America, 1853. All That Live Must Die." But the pilgrims do not see much of these because the car is crowded and they are all facing the front. At the top the man tells them that they are more than five hundred feet from the ground, and he swings back the windows and lets them look out upon the town and the Potomac and the country, which, he says, is Virginia, stretching away across the river. Then they ride down again, step out into the sunshine, hold their hats on while they take one more look at the top, and so straggle contentedly away.

SCENE—Senate Wing. Party of Pilgrims—father, mother, overgrown son, and the children, a bridal couple, two determined-looking women with Boston bags, and others—viewing wonders of the Capitol.

ELDERLY GUIDE—"Now you'll see something that'll surprise you. (Entire party are formed in two lines facing each other and almost touching, jovial large gentleman remarking: "Here's where they electrocute us.") Now turn the head an' look at your regiment. (Chorus of delight and amazement as the two lines, reflected in tall mirrors, are discovered stretching on

into infinity.) Them mirrors are set regular on the parallel an' the effect is remarkable. (Waving a light inclusive gesture at the wall frescoes.) Now this here is what we call the President's room—finished in fifty-nine an' never retouched. Note them cherubs. Observe the flesh tints. On the ceiling—"Peace an' Plenty—Domestic Art—Birth of the Flag. Observe how the fingers stand out! Now look at this figger—you see facin' toward you the front of the right arm—inside of the left knee—face-an'-eyes. Now come over here. (Entire party shifts to opposite side of the room.) See how it follows you? Who do you see facin' you now? The front of the right arm—inside of the left knee—face-an'-eyes."

YOUNG WOMAN LEADING CHILD (whispering to another of her party)—"I've seen 'em where the both eyes follered you, but I never see the whole figger that way."

ELDERLY GUIDE—"Now you know what a wonderful fine piece of art it is. Come this way."

The weather-map stands by the wall in the "Members' retiring room," behind the Speaker's desk. Every morning the weather-map man is working there, painting in his curves and arrows, isobars and isotherms and things, making the day's picture of the weather. It takes a long time, for the country is big, and there are very many kinds of weather, and before it is done many people have dropped in to see how it is getting on. The pilgrims wander thither, sometimes, when the House is not in session, and linger, for is it not surely an amazing thing to stand here at ten o'clock in the morning and know just what sort of weather folks had at breakfast time in Boston and El Paso and Duluth and Tampa and Sacramento, know which way the wind was blowing and whether there was rain or snow or thunder. Patient, tired-looking, little old ladies blink at the

arrows through their spectacles, or two sisters, perhaps, vaguely embarrassed, wistful—one of them leading a little child. Mostly they study the curves and



"Now, the rate on tomatoes is—"

pers the one with the little girl. "It's fifty there."

"Yes," says Aunt Min, "it's the Pacific Ocean keeps that warm." And then they go coasting across the map—"Denver's thirty—zero in Chicago—Montreal ten below—it's raining all over the South—and—look! Key West is seventy-six!" "The idea!" gasps Aunt Min, almost resentfully, "I never would 'a' thought it was that warm."

"We can see where we want to go for the winter, can't we?" smiles the other, knowing very well that they couldn't possibly go. "Seventy-six—we could wear our little muslins down there all right, couldn't we?" And presently they straggle away, still held by the vision of the trip, jesting shyly about it as they go. From the House, now and then, a statesman saunters, in his hand a newly opened letter—from the manager of his lumber camp, perhaps, saying that the thaw has set in and hauling is becoming difficult; from the ranch foreman back in Wyoming or Montana; from the wife left behind in the prairie town or gone home, perhaps, for a few weeks with the children. The great man bends over the map and studies it above his glasses, then turns and beams benignly on his colleague. "I'll bet my wife's plants froze last night, all right!" says he. With what an urbane and Jove-like air he returns to the chamber—to his mahogany desk and "Mr. Chairman, I rise to"—and the mighty affairs of state! For is it not pleasant to be here in Washington, and to have merely as a matter of course all these map-men and thermometers and cloud experts working for one; to saunter over to the Capitol after breakfast and have the great Government itself, so to speak, come to one's desk and tell whether Jimmy has coasting this morning or the water pipes have frozen up in the house at home!

There are nearly four hundred representatives in Congress—four hundred oratorical temperaments bursting to be released. The oratorical temperament is a terrible, a tyrannical thing. It must be heard. It sings as inevitably as does the skylark in gushes of unpremeditated art; flows on and on, like water down-hill. Hungrily it attacks despotism, itself a sterner despot. Those who suffer from it live only when in the ecstasy of expression, while silent they die continuous deaths

like Prometheus chained to his rock, silence gnawing their vitals. And yet it is only rarely, in this imperfect world, that full freedom comes for the fulfilment of their functions—such a time, for instance, as the debate on the Railroad Rate bill. The general public often imagines that a debate in the halls of Congress is a means to an end. It is, on the contrary, the end itself—the safety-valve, the lifeboat. Practically every one was willing that the rate bill should pass. No reason, therefore, for shutting off debate—no hurry, no "gag-rule," no hindrances. Day after day, at any hour, you could look in at one of the galleries and hear just what you had heard the day before, just what you might hear to-morrow, every orator speaking on the same side, flowing on in a grand, sweet song.

SCENE.—House of Representatives, the House being in Committee of the Whole House on the bill (H. R. 12,987) to amend an act entitled "An Act to Regulate Commerce," etc., etc. Chairman reading his morning paper, the Hon. Uncle Joe Cannon in the distance, chewing an unlit cigar. A few Congressmen writing letters. The galleries asleep. In one corner, however, across a vista of empty desks, burns one unit of happy life and fire, where the young gentleman from Georgia is speaking.

11:25 A. M. THE GENTLEMAN FROM GEORGIA (in the serio-sympathetic manner and an accent that would melt adamant)—"But, Mistah Cha'man, how's the little average felluh a-goin' to hyah a lawyah? And even if he hyahs one, suh, what's to become of his business while he's waiting the decision of the cou'ts? Mistah Cha'man, Ah say to you, they've been beggin' us foh bread, and we have given them a stone. We must give them not alone the right, but the powah to enforce that right. Ah know, Mistah Cha'man, Ah believe in ma heart of hearts—"

12:15 P. M. THE GENTLEMAN FROM ILLINOIS—"And what do we find is the result? Why, Mr. Chairman, vinegar in carload lots, Chicago to Hot Springs, Arkansas, a distance of six hundred and eighty-six miles, is rated at thirty-three cents per hundredweight. Vinegar in carload lots, Chicago to Wichita, Kansas, a distance of six hundred and eighty-six miles, is—"

1:10 P. M. THE CHAIRMAN—"The gentleman from Illinois has twenty minutes remaining, and the gentleman from Iowa one hour and twenty-three minutes." (Gentleman from Illinois, having stalked at the rate of seventy words a minute for only one hour and thirty-seven minutes, looks as though he had just received the news of his assassination.)

THE GENTLEMAN FROM IOWA—"I will yield to the gentleman such time as he desires." (The gentleman from Illinois swallows painfully and proceeds.)

2:45 P. M. THE GENTLEMAN FROM IOWA (sparring for an opening in the literary-judicial or broad-minded manner)—"No one here, sir, wants to harm the railroads. They have touched with their iron fingers the deserts of the West, an' made them to blossom as the rose. But, sir, while the railroads have benefited the people, the people—" (Unchains the dogs of war.)

3:30 P. M. THE GENTLEMAN FROM NEW YORK (in the sinister-prophetic manner)—"Slowly the tumblers roll along the street, six tumblers carry the day's nine to La Guillotine. All the monsters imagined since imag-

ination,' etc., etc. Mr. Chairman, sansculottism is not dead, but only sleeping, and will be aroused and whirl in bloody maelstrom, not at the behest of those who respect the law, but of those who—"

3:45 P. M. GENTLEMAN FROM OHIO (in the quasi-humorous, anecdotal manner)—"The-a-a gentleman's misgivings remind me-a-a of that old stow-ry of the-a-a school baw-aw-y who, one dark night, became frightened at what he thought was a ghost and—a-a—when he got up to it found that it was only—a-a—friendly guide post pointing the way. (Pauses for laughter to subside.) Now, sir, coming as I do from—"

4:20 P. M. GENTLEMAN FROM KANSAS (in full cry, collar wilted, scalp-lock dangling over his eyes, hands aloft and quivering)—"Mr. Chair-r-man, I say to you, sir-r, God help the business, large or small, which is not proof against this, the most gigantic system of robbery known since bandits ceased to hold up the United States mail! These are the only common carriers in the world who do what they please, where they please, and (shaking cheeks like Bosco the Wild Man) when they please! For fifty years-a they have hid behind the agis of the Constitution, and I say to them, to these common carriers of this glorious country, who kick and squir-r-m at the prospective legislation, I say to them, sir-a, 'You have appealed to Caesar-r-r and to Caesar-r-r you must go!' (Gulps down half a glass of water.) Mr. Chairman, what is it they would have, what is it? I know not, sir, but I do know that what they have now is the throttling of supply and the domination of demand. The gentlemen from Maine and Pennsylvania and New Hampshire protest against the bill—we have much to learn from these three wi-i-i-e men. Let those follow them who will—I quarrel not with my neighbor—but my only course in this matter is clear. It is the course that I have followed, and, please God, in my foolish fatuity will follow till I die—that the voice of the people (index finger quivering aloft) is the voice—of—GOD!"

5:15 P. M. GENTLEMAN FROM WISCONSIN. (Shadows of evening are closing in about the Capitol. Senate has long since adjourned, corridors are empty except for an occasional door-keeper or attendant with mop and broom. In the House a few members doze at their desks.)—"Now, Mr. Chairman ('shooting' his cuffs and taking a running start), the rate on tomatoes is—"

By day the song flows on. By night the printers, imprisoning the music in type, prepare it for distribution—franked and sent to the waste places. The process is known as "putting one's self right with the folks at home."



The Boy Orator from Georgia

FOOD OR FRAUD?

(Continued from page 13)

offered in the interests of the patent medicine industry. Senator Lodge got in his proviso that permits the Gloucester fishermen to use boracic acid in the preparation of their "salt" codfish; and successfully presented another amendment which would seem to belie the repeated charge that the large patent medicine interests of his State influence his actions. This amendment provides that the formulas of foods, drugs, and liquors shall be open to the extent of declaring the amount of alcohol or opium in any form contained therein; and it will furnish the Proprietary Association of America some unadulterated food for thought. Senator Money got one vote (his own) on a substitute bill fathered by the National Food Manufacturers' Association, the underlying principle of which shines vividly forth from a statement made last year by one of the bill's devisers: "There will be a food law enacted at the next Congress. What we must decide is, shall it be a food law of the manufacturers or of the food commissioners?"

The most important and powerful opposition was upon the liquor clause, and was brought to bear by the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, which represents the blended whisky interests. They won a partial victory. It is the boast of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, in a recent circular, that by its sole efforts it prevented last year's bill from coming to a vote in the Senate. It sent Warwick M. Hough to Washington on a large salary, with an almost unlimited allowance, with instructions not only to act as counsel, but also to "manufacture" public opinion. Mr. Hough's attacks upon the bill have as their objective point Dr. Wiley, the Director of the Bureau of Chemistry. Dr. Wiley, while not opposing blended or compounded liquors as such, and admitting that they are perfectly legitimate, if properly blended, takes the ground that the process of blending as now practised permits the inclusion of poisonous flavoring, coloring, and strengthening matter, of any kind whatever, that the blender may see fit to use. He was at one time extensively quoted to this effect. Since then Mr. Hough has devoted much time and effort to attacking the Director of the Bureau of Chemistry. His Association employed a sort of journalistic lobbyist named William Wolff Smith to "mold public opinion"

by sending out to such newspapers as would print his matter articles opposing Pure Food measures.

Mr. Smith can be hired (as he frankly advertises) on either side of a controversy. He is a press agent for the highest bidder, but he is not an honest press agent because he does not inform the newspapers which he serves that he is furnishing them with intentionally biased matter, and some of them print it as bona fide news. It was Smith who sent out the famous fake Wiley interview in which Dr. Wiley was made to withdraw his aspersions upon blended whisky.

Another and a more important attempt to prejudice the public mind proved abortive. A representative of the blended whisky interests called upon Lincoln Steffens, the political and sociological writer, and asked him if he would undertake an investigation into the whisky question and write an article "showing up Wiley," at a very large price. Mr. Steffens suggested that the investigation might not develop that Dr. Wiley deserved "showing up." He was assured that it would, and that this was the main purpose of his employment, whereupon he declined the commission promptly. In justice to Mr. Hough, I will say that there is nothing to connect him with the offer to Mr. Steffens.

These matters I mention at some length because in a sense Dr. Wiley is the storm centre of the fight. In every possible way the opponents of pure food have tried to discredit him, and much of the genuine opposition to the bill in Congress is masked behind a disinclination to put so much power into the hands of any man as the bill would (so it is claimed) put in the hands of the Director of the Bureau of Chemistry.

Another point of attack will presumably be the patent medicine section. No particular effort was made by the nostrum manufacturers to bring pressure to bear upon the Senate, which a month ago seemed by far the most likely place to defeat the legislation. It seems incumbent upon them, therefore, to make a fight in the House, for the bill, as reported by the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, which has it in charge, not only compels a statement upon the label of every proprietary remedy containing alcohol, opium, cocaine, or other poisons of the amount or percentage of the poison, but also forbids the making of false claims upon the label,

a decidedly serious interference with the recognized methods of the patent medicine business. Whether the Proprietary Association of America will attempt, in the manner made familiar by their victories in State Legislatures, to bulldoze the House through the editorial columns of the newspapers, remains to be seen.

Should the bill pass the House, it will be in a somewhat different form from that in which it has passed the Senate, the changes being probably such as will render it more surely conservative of the popular interests. Then will come the conference between the Senate and the House, and finally the decision as to whether, after the long years of effort, the nation is to be protected in what it swallows. Moreover, this time the makers (or non-makers) of our laws will inevitably go on record. No opportunity, such as enabled anti-pure-food Senators to beat the bill without ever standing up for a count, will be available this year.

The issue is clear. It is honesty against fraud. It is the interests of the whole people against the interests of a few, and a dishonest few. Senator Aldrich, who as a wholesale grocer appreciates the profits in adulterated foods, pathetically inquired in the last session:

"Are we going to take up the question as to what a man shall eat and what a man shall drink, and put him under severe penalties if he is eating and drinking something different from what the chemists of the Agricultural Department think it is desirable for him to eat or drink?"

Anything more typically disingenuous could hardly be conceived. Pure food legislation does not seek in any manner to control the public's eating and drinking. Under it men may swallow whatsoever pleases them. They may buy and sell, ship and receive anything within the whole range of lawful commerce. But their dealings must be honest. They may sell oleomargarine and glucose (perfectly good and wholesome articles despite public prejudice) without let or hindrance. But they must not sell oleomargarine for butter, or glucose for sugar. "Let the label tell." That is the whole issue of pure food, and here is its Golden Rule:

"No food or drug should be allowed to enter into sale which deceives or tends to deceive the customer, either by its name, its advertisement, or its character."

A NEW LIGHT

THE STORY OF A BOY AND A STRIKE

By M. S. KELLEY

TED REILLY looked the supper-table over; carefully, if discreetly. Since the beginning of the street-car strike the Reilly bill of fare had hardly been up to the average. Ted sighed a little, seeing a familiar centrepiece coming on. Dan Reilly, the motorman, at the head of the table, drew the dish toward him and served with impartial if discriminating hand. But Teddy only looked down on his plate, watching his mother out of the tail of his eye.

"Well, Teddy?" said Mrs. Reilly softly.
"Can't I have some bread an' milk, ma?"
Ted's mother looked at the untouched plate, cast a quick glance at her husband, then sighed gently. "Yes, dear," she answered, after a moment's hesitation; "go and get it." Ted obeyed with alacrity.

"Don't ye like the stew, Teddy?" asked Reilly.
"I ain't very hungry," answered the boy diplomatically. "Warren gave me a couple o' apples out o' the store while I was carryin' papers."

"Oh, I see," replied his father with mock seriousness. Then a real grimace settled around his mouth. "We'll be doin' well to get 'stew' if this thing keeps up," said he.

"Don't, Dan," appealed Mrs. Reilly.
"All right, ma, I won't," responded Reilly cheerfully.

"I'll bet o' Whitehead ain't sittin' down to stew," snapped Ted's sister.

"Mamie!" said her mother reprovingly.
"There's more'n one kind o' stew to sit down to," said the motorman grimly.

Ted, bent over the big bowl, stole an inquiring glance at his father. What kind of a "stew" was he thinking of that caused such a forbidding look? and what had it to do with the president of the trolley road? There was a puzzled cast to the boy's face, but he said nothing, having a discretion apparently beyond his years. For Ted was under rather than over the usual size of a lad of twelve. He was, however, a solid bunch of boy; clean-limbed, clear-skinned, and bright-eyed. Ted's eyes were his passports—large, pure, deep, the grayest of Irish gray, and set under a brow singularly high and full; just now they were full of cogitation. "Wonder if pa'll be glum like this till the strike's finished?" he asked himself.

As his last crust went down, the nickel-plated door bell in front buzzed noisily.

"Run an' see who 'tis," said Reilly, waking from his muse.

Ted slipped out of the chair and disappeared. A shuffling of feet and low murmur of voices floated in presently from the outer room. Ted reappeared tiptoeing.

"It's Mr. Webster and some men," he whispered. "I put 'em in the front room."

"That's right, sonny," said Reilly. "Tell 'em I'll be right in."

"Shan't I light the fire, Dan?" asked his wife.
"No, ma, I'll tend to it," said her husband briskly.
"Oh, Dan, you'll be careful, won't you?" Mrs. Reilly whispered.

"Sure, Mary," answered Reilly, with a pat on his wife's shoulder; "now don't worry." With a wistful look she watched him disappear, then energetically began to pick up plates.

"You children stay right in here," she commanded. Of the six men in the parlor, Reilly was easily the most at ease. The visitors suffered from the inconvenience of "best clothes," and sat about in the stiff fashion of workmen "dressed up" on a week-day. But this wore off as Reilly, having attended to light and warmth, proceeded to do the honors. Producing the remnants of a box of Christmas cigars from a little bookcase, he passed them around, and under the curling smoke faces relaxed. All hitched their chairs toward the fire, for the whistling of a sharp February wind outside made the cheerful sputter of the gas flame very welcome.

It was a representative group. Webster, tall, smooth-faced, and clerical-looking, stood for the conductors; Johnson, ruddy, sandy-haired and bearded, for the barn men; Reilly for the motormen. Each member of the executive committee represented some individual type in Lodge 77, the local union that had so tightly tied up the little town in the street-car strike. And every

man of them was rated by the superintendent as Ar. Though Webster, smoothest tongued, was chairman, the men turned instinctively to Reilly for leadership. His jaw was of the kind "cut off with a saw," and the steel-gray eyes under the bulging brows had no flinch in them. The weather-beaten countenance wore a dogged look as it now turned toward the chairman. "Well?" said Reilly interrogatively.

Webster cleared his throat; the others recrossed their knees; each flicked the ashes from his cigar and bent forward attentively.

"Boys," said the chairman, "here's where we've got to spit on our hands. We—no one around, is there, Dan?"

"No," answered the motorman, "they're all in the back. Fire ahead."

"It's now or never with us," went on Webster earnestly. "We've got to take some kind of stand right here. What's the situation? We tried to have a talk with the ol' man this mornin', didn't we? What did we get? Pretty near the 'marble heart,' I'm thinkin'. He'd be willin' to discuss hours an' pay with us 'as individuals'—oh, yes! after he'd talked it over with our dear friend, the superintendent. But how about recognizing the Union, or how about the main thing—taking on again the men that Darley fired? Nothin' doin', that I heard. It'll just suit Darley to break up our claims an' take 'em up piecemeal; but if we let him, the jig's up. We've got to make a move that'll put the whole thing right up to Whitehead, and in a lump. My motion is to get a vote from the Lodge, offerin' to submit the whole business to arbitration. That'll catch the public."

"Yes, but it won't catch the ol' man," said Reilly dryly. "We might as well figure this thing as it is, not's we'd like to have it. Whitehead ain't going to arbitrate till he finds he's got to. What's more, he knows this is as good a time as any to find that question out. Oh, he's picked his time all right. See how foxy he's been. We've been all winter gettin' the force unionized, ain't we? Spring'll be comin' pretty soon, an' with it the park and excursion business. Does he wait till then, when we'd have him on the hip? Hardly. He takes the bull by the horns and has Darley wave the red flag at us by firin' a half a dozen of the boys. An' I must say he made a good pick. But the men wa'n't fired for joinin' the Union—oh, no! just for 'cause,' that's all. Well, most of 'em had better put less into their mouths and not let so much out of 'em; but all the same, we know why 'twas done now. This thing has got to be tried out. Whitehead knew it, an' he was smart enough to force our hand an' do it this winter. He ain't doin' any arbitratin' till he's found he's got to; ye can bet on that." Reilly bit off the end of his half-chewed cigar and re-lighted it deliberately.

"But, Dan, we've got to do something," responded Webster plaintively. "The boys expect us to do something. They ain't goin' to sit down an' see a lot o' scabs take their places without a kick. We've got to have an issue. This strike's got to turn on something."

"It'll turn on whether them cars run or not, for the next week," answered Reilly dogmatically.

"Now ye'r talkin'!" broke in Johnson's deep voice; "that's all there's to it. If them cars run, it's all off. They mustn't run."

"They're Whitehead's cars," said Reilly.

"Mebbe," retorted Johnson, "but if he owns the cars he don't own the town. The town's walkin', ain't it? Some 'cause they hev to; others 'cause they want to, or want their labor trade; none o' 'em 'cause they like to. All the same, on the dead q. t., they've got to be kept walkin'; kept walkin' till they holler so loud Whitehead can't stand for it."

"How far would you go?" inquired a nervous voice.
"The limit—the whole d—d limit," ejaculated Johnson. "This ain't no boys' play; them cars can't run; we've got to tie 'em up."

"Well?" inquired Webster testily.

"We've got to get out a force o' pickets that are pickets," continued Johnson unabashed; "pickets that'll persuade any strike-breaker that they don't want our jobs; that the air up here ain't healthy for 'em. Switches'll be liable to get out o' order, too, 't this season o' the year," he added with a grin; "an' mebbe we'll have the luck to get a rattlin' good blizzard. One 'ud help lots."

"Whitehead won't be takin' back bum motormen to buck blizzards," interjected Reilly.

"Mebbe he'll be glad to take 'em all back," answered Johnson warmly. "We'll weed the bums out afterward; they'll get no new tickets. But we're strikin' for 'all or none' back, ain't we?"

"And Whitehead says 'he'll see us in hell first,' don't he?" snapped Webster.

"He'll see hell if he don't," responded Johnson

grimly. He turned to Reilly. "Dan," he said energetically, "you've got to stand for this. What did you walk out for? Not 'cause ye thought ye was goin' to lose yer own handle, was it? No; 'cause ye saw Darley was holdin' the blue envelope over every man's head as a club to scare him out o' the Union; 'cause ye saw some o' yer mates gettin' a hard deal, and was man enough to stand by 'em. Ye've said yerself the strike'll turn on whether them cars run or not. We've got no choice. It's up to us to see they don't run—either that or lay down; mebbe save our own necks while leavin' the others go hang. What d'ye say, Dan?"

Reilly, sitting in silence with his hands clasped tightly over his knee, gazed long and meditatively into the fire. Outside, the rising wind, wailing dismally through the narrow street, shook the windows viciously.

The five stared at him intently, only the ticking of the little clock on the bookcase breaking the deep hush. Presently he squared his broad shoulders, and, turning toward the group a jaw set hard, said:

"I'm for this, I'll vote for it. This thing is war, an' war is hell. Each side's got to fight as it can, not's it 'ud like to. An' this is the only way we can fight now. To-day Whitehead'll tell ye he's got nuthin' to arbitrate. If his road's tied up a week, he may discover he's got several things. It's up to every man to get out an' do the best he can. But, Chris," here the speaker turned sharply to Johnson, "we can't stand for any o' this fool talk o' dynamite. You know that."

"That talk's all hot air," answered Johnson, "but what makes me sick is to have it come from jest two or three o' the very fellows we're tryin' to help out. They've jest got to shut up. There's no danger, though, o' their firin' off anythin' more'n their mouths. The only 'blow up' you'll hear o' 'll be a few fuses. Some o' them's liable to go off now and then," grinned Johnson cheerfully.

"Well," broke in Webster impatiently, "we've got to report action. What is your motion anyhow, Johnson?"

"That the chairman name a picket committee, an' another on 'ways and means'; the kind that'll know their business. 'Twon't be necessary to send their names to the 'News' office, neither. The less fuss we make, an' the smoother front we put up, the better. Dan an' I are goin' fish-spearin', jest to show how little we're worried. Hey, Dan? We'll be 'round when wanted, though," Johnson added significantly.

"Hold on, hold on," laughed Webster, "let's get a vote on this. I've got a motion in here myself. I want an expression from every man. Now, then, one at a time."

They voted, each in turn, Reilly last. "I'm with Chris," he said shortly.

"Tie up 'has it," announced Webster curtly.

The room grew still. Against the windows came the thrash of snow. The little group were facing a hard week, and the knowledge of it rested on the grave faces lighted up by the flickering fire.

"Anything else?" asked the chairman.

"Name your men," said Reilly, shoving back his chair.

Webster named them.

For a day or two the town got about as it could—wet of foot and hot of head. The committee on "persuasion" labored efficiently with solicitors for the strikers' places. More than one applicant went out of town with a flea in his ear and a return ticket in his pocket. Cars were few and far between. Now and then one picked its way hesitatingly along, its passage marked by a running fire of "scab" from the small boy. Ted Reilly, out of sight of the house, led more than one chorus of this kind. But for three days of real service there was little. Then came the great blizzard, and the road, as Johnson put it, "was tied up for fair." Streets and fences disappeared under a universal white. On the Lake Road tracks were buried under six-foot drifts. And not a man could be hired to lift a shovel. Great electric plows, inefficiently manned, attacked the overflowing cuts abortively. It was a week before the rails were clear again. Then both sides locked horns in the real struggle—the Union for recognition, the company to avoid it.

Meanwhile the public, caught between these millstones, saw, impatiently, things go from bad to worse.

On the one side, the company protested there was nothing to confer about; on the side of the men, the turning of every wheel increased the discontent. Nerves got on edge; mutterings succeeded chaffings; in spite of Johnson's promise, menaces and surly threats of dynamite were heard, and not all of them were "hot air." A car on the "Loop" unaccountably found itself in the ditch; another came in after dark from the Lake Road, its windows broken, its floor covered with stones. The community bestirred itself.

Technically, the president's declaration of "nothing to arbitrate" put it—as Webster told the Mayor's committee—"up to him." They waited on Whitehead; reasoned, implored, expostulated. He was stiff. They put on the screws; they threatened franchises. The president declared he had no position to retreat from; the men had been discharged for cause and would not be reinstated.

"Wouldn't he at least talk it over with a committee from the Lodge?"

It was a sore point. A promise from the president to consider the proposition and a date to which the committee nailed him for an answer, was the best they could drag from him. Then they withdrew, temporarily.

Whitehead had more than their arguments to consider when he returned to his office. On a desk there, a pile of clippings and letters from out of town made it clear to him that if this strike was not settled, and settled right, a bigger frost would fall on his amusement and excursion ventures in the spring than was now coating his idle car windows. He pushed back the heap of papers impatiently and turned toward the window. An empty car was crawling slowly up the big street. "Pshaw!" he muttered, whirling, "Darley was a fool to go at this thing wholesale; why didn't he fire 'em one by one?" He paced heavily across the floor, clear-eyed, alert, masterful—once—twice—thrice. Then he turned with decision toward the door of the outer office. "Oh! Muncie?" he called.

His head clerk entered, looked at his chief a moment, then at a motion softly closed the door behind him.

"Muncie, I wish you'd phone the barn and ask Darley to come over. And—you go by Dan Reilly's, don't you? Well—tell him I'd like to see him."

It was three o'clock when Muncie got his tip; five minutes later he was on the street. A pair of pickets, two squares from the car barn, scowled at him as he passed. Muncie, though he felt trouble in the air, dropped no hint. His business was with Reilly. Sauntering down the hill by the motorman's door, he stopped, turned as if struck by a thought, then skipped up the steps.

Mrs. Reilly's surprised face answered the ring.

"Good afternoon," said Muncie cheerfully; "Dan around?"

"Why, no, he's— Come in, won't you?"

Muncie slipped inside. "No, thanks; can't sit down. I just wanted to see Dan a minute."

"Why, he's up the lake, fish-spearin'," stuttered Mrs. Reilly, plainly flustered. "Pshaw! that's too bad." The visitor knit his brow.

In the window seat, Ted Reilly extracted his nose from his book and raised a round face of living interrogation. Muncie also read a troubled question in Mrs. Reilly's fine eyes.

"Just between you and me," he said smoothly, "Mr. Whitehead wants a little talk with Dan. It's too bad. Can't we get word to him?"

"I don't even know where he's spearin'," helplessly answered Mrs. Reilly.

"I do, ma," cried Ted, jumping up eagerly. "He goes right off Lake View. I can find his house in a minute."

"Why, Teddy, it's three miles. I don't suppose he could find a car; could he, Mr. Muncie?"

"I don't want no scab car," cried the boy indignantly.

"Why, Teddy!" said his mother reprovingly.

Muncie grinned. "The service is a little uncertain," he said.

"Oh, 'tain't far, ma; pa let's me go. I'll skate it in no time an' be back in time for papers."

"You *would* come right back, wouldn't you, dear?—I hate to let him go," said Mrs. Reilly anxiously. "I suppose it's important?"

"Well—yes," answered the head clerk slowly; "but you're sure ye know where he is, bub?"

"I was with him the last time he went up. He an' Mr. Johnson have just one place, on purpose so's—" Ted stopped. "Where's my skates, ma?" he cried, slipping away from a detaining grasp.

Mrs. Reilly buttoned up the little top-coat, then the brown eyes looked down into the gray. The mother's head bent swiftly—Muncie looked out of the window.

"Say, Ted," he called, "no one else is in this, see?"

"Sure!" came the answer as the door slammed.

"I'll bet ol' Whitehead's on the run," chuckled Ted as he jumped the steps.

The shades of an early dusk were already gathering, as the boy pushed aside the frozen willows and left the hard traveling of the half-filled road for the sure footing of the solid ice. Before him stretched the frozen floor of a vast arena with walls of rolling white. Under the shadows of the low-bent sky, ice and shore were merged in a desolation of interminable gray. Through

the great funnel of the distant Narrows the couriers of the north wind were hurrying, sowing intermittent gusts of sharp-edged crystals. Uneasy mounds of shifting snow eddied before the squalls, then sank in grotesque groupings. Casting a quick glance at the wintry landscape, Ted buckled on his skates and pushed rapidly up the lake. He zigzagged through little lanes, wind-cut among snowy furrows, his head bent forward, every pound in him fighting the wind. Indistinctly, through the mists, he saw far ahead the little colony of fish houses, scattered like black dots over a huge white carpet. They were in front of Lake View, the end of the trolley line. For three-quarters of the way Ted went along swiftly; then ice and wind-formed bubbles forced him to discard his skates. Swinging them across his shoulders, he trotted briskly along and was soon within the silent village. The fish huts were of all descriptions; some made of smooth matched boards, others of rude frames covered with canvas or tar paper. None exceeded three or four feet in either dimension, and all had sleds of some sort fastened to their squat sides for hauling the queer habitations ashore. Bags, brush, and debris of all sorts were piled about the bases of the huts, serving as wind breaks and shutting out every ray of light from the interiors; for the fish spearer works in darkness. In the gloom, he sits unseen over a great ice hole, ready to hurl down his spear at his unsuspecting prey. From the little wood or charcoal stoves inside the huts, Ted saw smoke-pipes of every description projecting above the roofs, and he craned eagerly about in search of a familiar red funnel. He made the more haste, seeing already some of the houses being upset by their owners and slowly shoved ashore. Just ahead, the land pushed out into the lake in a short promontory, and in the little cove under its lee the boy discovered the object of his search.

"Pa!" he cried, pounding on the rough door, "oh, pa!"

Johnson's good-natured face peered out; the boy laughed to see the quick blinking of the eyes, shrink-



He started to run, but his foot slipped

ing from the sudden rush of the white glare outside. Then his face dropped suddenly. "Isn't father here?" "Why, no—that is, not in the house. I reckon he's right 'round here, though. Anything doin', Teddy?" asked Johnson keenly, noting the excited look on the boy's face.

"Ma sent me up on an errand," answered Ted diplomatically. "I thought sure father was here."

"Why, so he was, till just now," responded Johnson, "an' I guess you'll find him over at Latrobe's yet. The water's so roily here, there's no fishin', and he went over to get in a word with Latrobe. He ain't been gone more'n a quarter of an hour."

"Where's Latrobe's?"

"Round the point; one o' those black houses, quite a bit out. They say the water's clearer out there; I hope so," continued Johnson disinterestedly.

Ted moved off rapidly, but slowed down at Johnson's hail.

"See here, Teddy. Don't you stay over there with that flannel-mouth. If ye don't find yer pa, come back. D'ye hear? I'll be here a half hour yet, an' do you come over an' go home with me. It's goin' to storm again, so mind now."

The boy nodded and disappeared around the point on the run.

"Latrobe's jaw makes me sick," muttered Johnson as he pulled in his head and slammed the door. "All he's out for is revenge. An' to think we struck for the likes o' him! Oh, he'll get took back with his threats, nit!" He growled a moment to himself, then hurled his spear down savagely in a gesture of angry disgust.

Far out on the ice, beyond the point, Ted Reilly, through the falling shadows, saw the faint outlines of a few scattered houses. He hurried, looking anxiously about; for as he approached the huts one by one he saw their owners issue, tip them over on their sleds, and start for home. The fishing world was on the move. Still standing, further on, a solitary "black" house loomed up in uncanny solitude. Ted sprinted, for snow-filled gusts swept about him, and the rising wind moaned dismally under the sombre skies. But unconsciously his feet slackened as he approached the lonely hut. Something in the gloom of that frozen desert stayed him. It was growing dark and—and he was afraid. Even at the door he hesitated. Was this the house?

He bent forward and listened eagerly a moment.

"To h—ll with Reilly!" a sharp voice was crying back of the door, "an' good riddance to him. He's allus preachin'."

Outside, the boy started up in alarm, but the menacing voice went on.

"I'll show him whether I'm 'all wind' or not, an' that d—d quick. I'll blow h—ll out o' one o' Whitehead's cars, if I never run another. Yes, an' to-night, too, d—n him! Darley sez you an' I is soaks, eh? Well, we'll soak him one to-night, Buck, hard! Listen, we'll—"

Ted heard no more, for, recovering his breath, he started to run. But his foot, slipping on a patch of snow-covered ice, turned under him and he went down, his skates clattering sharply in the fall.

There were sharp imprecations inside the hut, a noisy rush, and before the dazed boy could rise a rough hand pinned him, face downward, to the ice.

"Aw, it's only a kid," said the taller of two men bent over Ted. "Quick, Buck, gi' me that sack."

"What yer goin' to do with him?"

"Not hurt him, ye fool. So!" The man hastily caught a rough straw sack about the lad's head. "It's Reilly's boy," he whispered. "The brat's been list'nin'."

"What'll ye do with him?"

"Stick him in the house till after dark. D'ye think I'm lettin' him spot who we be, an' likely blow on us? Shut up, will you?"

The figure under his hand was struggling violently; Ted was his father's son. His captor lifted him, panting under the effort, and thrust him through the open door.

"See here!" gasped the man, "you git back on that seat 'n' sit still. D'ye hear? You'll be through the ice if ye don't, mind that." He clutched the boy tightly with both hands, holding him safe until the warning had struck home; then, as the writhing form became suddenly inert, he added:

"No un's goin' to hurt ye. We're just goin' to play a little joke, see? An' all you've got to do is to sit still till we come back. But mind you, keep yer mouth shut." Then the door slammed and there was a click of a lock.

Five rods away, the shorter of the two men paused and looked back at the deserted hut. "See here, Latrobe," he said hesitatingly, "I dunno as I stand for this; it'll be worse'n the other."

"Ye've got to stand for it," fiercely replied the tall man. The rushing wind blew the black hair wildly about his dark face; even in the half light it was full of menace. "D'ye want to let him run ashore, yellin' an' alarm," he continued passionately, "an' describin' you an' me? He's safe enough. How long's it goin' to take to fix that bomb, eh? After that he can squeal and be d—d to him. Who's to know, when he's put ashore, who 'twas or what house he bumped into? Black fish houses is plenty 'round this lake."

"It'll be murder if harm comes to him," muttered the other.

"Nuthin' 'll come to him, I tell ye. He's safe enough, an' a d—n sight warmer'n we be, standin' here jawin'." The speaker turned the collar of his thin coat around his neck and strode away. "Come on, ye fool," he called.

Near the shore, the pair caught sight of a line of moving lights above them, leaving the hill. Latrobe caught his companion by the arm. "It'll be the las' car that'll run over that line to-night," he hissed. "We'll fix 'em."

Climbing up the bank between rows of fish huts stretched along the shore, the couple then floundered

(Continued on page 24)

THE SPRING BY THE WATER TANK

A RAILWAY IDYL

By GEORGE L. TEEPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL ANDERSON



MILL CREEK, no doubt, to all but the trainmen, of the thousand travelers who daily pass it by, is nothing but a name upon the time-table. There's no village there; not even a railway station; nothing but a water tank and a siding, and farther down, by the creek, a pump house. It's beautiful there—so beautiful that when the train slows down you fancy the reason must be that it just can't go by without stopping to look for a little—at the soft green meadows flowing away so tranquilly, with cattle in them, and the willows winding along by the creek, and a green wood that stands upon a knoll near by to gaze off toward the horizon at another wood, away yonder, so beautiful—all floating in soft purple light. And the trees on the knoll, you fancy, gaze almost wistfully, as if they wished that they could live in those beautiful woods yonder; never any soft purple light to float on in our woods, so dull and prosy—and the bluejays and the blackbirds here, they scream and chatter so. But the bobolink, away yonder over the meadow, sings as if he were praising God for paradise.

Strange, was it not, that the first train ever to lay in at the new Mill Creek siding should have been Jim's? Yet so it was. The time was early June—Jim won't forget the season soon, I think—and such a day! all sun and blue sky, and the land a green glory. But you'd have heard no *Glorias* on the train. You could hardly mistake an American freight-train crew, at any time, for a band of choiring cherubim, much less the crew of No. 97 that morning.

For they were overloaded and behind time. They had broken a drawhead down the line somewhere, which had stuck and hung infernally in fixing, and then they had got stalled on Magnet Hill and so had had to "double," and then the same thing had happened at Williamson, which meant more delay, and made them miss their meeting points with certain east-bound freights. And now, thrown off their schedule, and away behind time, they were heading into Mill Creek siding to wait for the east-bound limited, the devil knew how long. Hence, at both ends of the train—profanity, deep and voluminous. Even Jim, the silent, the self-contained, as he climbed back upon the tender of the engine at the water tank, and pulled down the brand-new spout, muttered and growled.

Well, no loss without its gain; if they were condemned to that forsaken siding, he'd get away, for one half hour at least, from the everlasting reek and engine grease. And so, a dozen car-lengths from the switch, just where a country road rose to cross the track, with a white oak flinging a broad shadow over it, Jim sat down and braced his broad back against the tree-bolt—oak to oak, you would have said—and gazed off over the fields. The strong, clear eyes of the man slowly kindled as he gazed. How big and free the land! lifting away under the wind like an Atlantic, heaving, freshening, breezy-green, toward the horizon. Overhead, in the immense freedom of the sky, great, deep-laden clouds, belling with wind, went sailing. A sky, a whole sky, to sail in! They were not tied to the fire-door of a locomotive, like himself.

No, nor in the country here, the men either. This young farmer in the field here, this sunbrowned fellow on the machine, behind the two strong-stepping grays—there was the man; not running hither and yon at the beck and call of master-mechanics and train-dispatchers and train-masters, but free, the master and the manager of his own affairs. There was the life; the life that some day he himself should lead; these years he'd fixed his mind on that; these years that from a locomotive window he'd looked out on the green land and felt the sweep and freedom of it, felt deep in him the call of it.

And then as he looked a sense of softer beauty stole over him. This little gray farmhouse here, with the apple and the cherry trees in its green, shadowy doorway, and the brooding elm over the beehives, and the white doves dropping softly down like great summer snowflakes on the barn roof and gray old stacks, with the sweet June sunshine falling so quietly over it all—was it not beautiful?

Ah, for a home like that; a home where she might dwell; she whom one day, please God, he should find, who'd make life sweet and whole again. Where was she in the world? he wondered, and the dream of woman that lies buried in the heart of every man awoke out of its slumber within him.

A fragrance drew softly out of the green, shadowy doorway and came and breathed upon him. He wondered what it might be—some unknown, half-wild flower, perhaps, that grew in farm gardens; some flower the greenhouses of the city never knew.

He rose and walked down the road toward it. A tiny brook came out of a wild-crabapple thicket, with a hundred bubbly tinklings. "So cool and green in here," it seemed to say, "so cool and green." But the man passed on.

Opposite the gray farmhouse he paused, half-turned, and gazed at it; until, ashamed of staring, he turned away. On the other side of the road a path led into a little wood that rose on the slope toward the track. "There must be a spring in there," he thought. "There's where the little brook comes from."

And he turned and went up the path. At a table in the farmhouse kitchen that forenoon Almira stood. It was "ironin' day," and as she slid the swift flat-iron back and forth over the towels and the tablecloths she paused now and again to look, past the geraniums in the kitchen window, out across the road, where the new water tank, latest object in creation, rose silently into the sky. Away to the east, with its line of telegraph poles dwindling into the distance, ran the railway. And while the teakettle on the back of the stove sang softly to itself, and Almira gazed, the flat-iron ran slower and slower, and now and then stopped for a moment, quite still, as if it had fallen into a dream.

Since the day that she had been born the girl had lived in the gray farmhouse there beside the track, and scarcely been a journey on it. How many times, as she had watched the trains, born in far gray smoke, out of the great world she dreamed about, and sweeping by in power and strength and splendor, had she stood and gazed and wondered.

And now, behold, the trains she had wondered at were going to stop there, every day, beside her door.

And so, with I know not what maiden dreams mingling with her expectant thoughts, Almira stood that forenoon looking out of the farmhouse kitchen window.

And as she looked, far away down the track, as if it might be but a denser puffing of horizon haze, a slow smoke crept out into the world and grew, with deep, low roar. And then the roar slowly slackened, though the train drew on, till down across the pasture, at the end of the siding, they stopped, train and roar together.

Almira's eyes grew wide; the new world was going to open now, and right in the middle of a white napkin the flat-iron stopped altogether.

And as the huge engine, dragging its interminable line of cars, came toiling on, quivering with effort spite of its strength, with the great fierce smoke-wreaths rushing up out of the stack, writhing and wrestling together, like spirits fighting up out of the smoke of the infernal pit, Almira's gray eyes grew wider, and around the rim of the flat-iron, that stood, motionless as herself, in the middle of the white napkin, a brown border appeared.

And who was this figure, as if it might be out of the land of her dreams, that climbed back on the engine tender at the water tank, and stood out against the sky? Never such a figure had she seen. And for a moment, unconsciously to herself, Almira's heart beat faster, while round the rim of the motionless flat-iron the brown border slowly grew.

And when the engine had puffed on and passed out of sight behind the little grove opposite the house, and paused there silent, she drew breath again naturally, and, looking down as she started the flat-iron in motion once more, her eyes fell on the napkin and the huge brown spot of ruin in the midst of it. And she gave a little feminine shriek of dismay. But the teakettle on the back of the stove sang on to itself, quite contentedly.

And now, while the repentant flat-iron ran swifter than ever, Almira's thoughts ran swifter still, where but to the great engine hidden silent there behind the grove, and (though she would no doubt deny it) to that figure on the tender, standing out against the sky? How does not a girl's heart, so delicately poised, vibrate to those deep currents? and how her eyes and her feet, though unconfessed, will follow where those currents draw? And so there was the water pail, providentially empty, and the spring across the road, so sweet and cool!

Behold then, some minutes later, Almira, her water pail in one hand, and Fate, all silent and unseen, leading her by the other, crosses the road and takes the tangled pathway to the spring.

And there at the turn of the path, not the tress, a stone from the spring—ah, should she ever forget that!—the shining doorway of her dreams flung suddenly back—there, in the broad sunny daylight—and *he*—he stood there, not a half-dozen steps away.

Almira gave a little startled cry—would not you, think you, should you step suddenly so through the shining doorway of *your* dream?—and caught a hand to her bosom, as if she must hide the tumult there, and half turned to flee away.

And then her woman sense prevailed, and her eyes, which until now could not but gaze, fell to the path in front of her, and she stepped forward—O, she must not be a fool!—and filled her pail, while the fool cheeks flamed and flamed, she knew—O, could she but quench or dare to cover them! but that would be more foolish yet—and so she filled her pail and turned away, walking swifter, swifter, till she gained the turn, where the blessed hazel screen might hide her.

Long minutes afterward, when the Limited had come and gone, and his own train had drawn out of the siding, Jim stood in the gangway of the locomotive. He was looking back at a little gray farmhouse, set in a green, shadowy doorway, with a brooding elm beside it, that seemed to hang and float, dream-like, toward the horizon, further and further away, until it became just a gray-purple shadow there. And still he watched it, until even the gray-purple shadow melted, dissolved in the mist of the horizon, and vanished, and was gone.

And Almira became a listener for engine whistles, and the secret watcher of a railway water tank; while between the watching and the listening she dreamed—ah, dreams and dreams!

So, some four or five days later, if you had been there, you might have seen standing sociably together beside the spring a water pail and a jug—a brown earthenware water jug, such as engine-men use.

Jim sat on the fallen trunk of an elm there, Almira beside him, like a wild rose beside a rock, her cheeks' confusion brought into some order now, subdued to a softer bloom, that played over them with her changing thoughts, like summer wind on water.

For she was thinking of the second time they'd met, two days ago—two days that seemed how long!—of how she'd gone to the spring with her pail (it just happened that a train stood on the siding, and the water in the kitchen was so flat and stale!); and—was it not strange—who should come crashing down through the young trees and bushes on the bank but that same engine-man. And of course she couldn't stay then; those biscuits she'd left in the oven, they would surely burn.

But Fate, that foreordains, had planted at the turn of the path a young hawthorn—"Heaven bless all thorns!" thinks Jim since then—and that hawthorn had thrust out a sudden arm somehow, as the girl went by, and clutched her flying skirt, a dozen spines at once, and held her fast. And her water pail went rolling, overturned, and Almira herself, half overturned, too, in ten thousand confusions, when she had got upon her feet again, found that engine-man on his knees beside her. Such a time it took him releasing those thorns!

And then—of course, she couldn't help it—he would fill her pail and carry it for her, just to the edge of the road—she couldn't let him carry it any farther.

And now they were sitting on the fallen elm trunk there together, silence between them—a strange, new, sweet, warm silence; no need for speech, it seemed. And when the talk began it seemed somehow just the overflowing of that silence.

What a cool, sweet spring it was, the man said, so clear and clean. Was it her father sunk that little wall of stones around it?

Yes, it was father; he couldn't bear things shouldn't be neat and clean.

But it was hard, he thought, that she must carry water to the house so far.

"Oh, no," she didn't mind. The engineer had told father that he could carry a pipe across from the spring right into the kitchen quite easily. That would be nice; but she should hate not to have an excuse to come here—"I mean, it's so nice to be here—that is—O, I mean, you know, it's such a pretty place!"

Almira looked a wild rose beside a rock indeed at that speech.

Jim turned his head away. "Yes, it's beautiful," he said. "All your country here is beautiful." Presently he went on: "Ah, there's nothing like the country. It's the only place to live, I think. Some day I mean to try it, too. I don't intend to give a railway all my life."

"But you don't mean—you can't mean—that you intend to leave your engine for a farm!" the girl cried. "O, how can you?"

There was a moment's silence before the man answered.

"So, you like an engine, then? I don't much; but I'm glad you do."

The voice was very low. The color came and went for a moment on the girl's cheek, then she answered: "And I—I'm glad you like a farm—only—I don't understand, you know, how you can like it better than an engine."

Then for a little there was silence again.

"If you like engines," he went on, "you ought to see 640, the one we're running now." His eyes lighted. "Really, don't you want to go up and look at her? Any one that wants it can have my job firing her, but she's worth seeing—the latest thing in engines on the road. Come! come up and look at her!"

The girl drew back.

"You won't need to go up where the men are, we'll look at her over the edge of the bank, through the brush. There won't a man know you're within miles. Come!"

It was irresistible; and silently, side by side, drawing shyly nearer together as they went, they stole up the bank and peered through the fringe of hazel at its edge.

Upon the track, right before them, stood the engine; and seated on the edge of a tie in its huge shadow, old Grunch, the engineer, sat, and growled to the head brakeman.

"A hulkin' brute!" he was saying, "a great hulkin' brute—that's what I call her." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the engine as he spoke. "Talkin' with Smithy the other day—it was while we was waitin' at Watsonville for 63—'long comes a little nincompoop 'prentice civil engineer, eyes a-bulgin' bigger'n drivin' wheels."

"Two hundred and thirty-three thousand pounds!" he was sayin', 'empty, without the tender. Say, but ain't she a sweet old whale; haul the great Egyptian pyrramid,' says he, 'once get it on wheels!'

"Listen at him," says I to Smithy, 'just like all the rest; ain't a dam depot loafer along the line but comes a-brayin' round about this engine—she's so big! Ain't sense enough to see that's just the trouble with her, she's so big.' 'Cause why? Well, just you try backin' her down grade to make a couplin', with two thousand tons behind her—that's about double what an ordinary engine can pull—onto one of these little dinky old-fashioned freight cars, such as we've plenty on the system yet, and you'll see why; 640 just sits down on it, like a fat sow on a farrow pig, and when she gets up ain't much left o' dinky but scrap and kindling wood. They just had to give it up, and she ain't haulin' to-day more'n half her capacity, she smashes the stuffin' so out of the old rollin' stock. A white elephant, I call her, barrin' color, a dam white elephant."

Almira gazed at the huge, silent machine; at the mysterious rods and links and levers, and the range of massive wheels, and the strange double cab, flung over the boiler's back, wherein engineer and fireman were borne like babes by some gigantic mother. And this mighty creation the engineer dared call a "hulkin' brute"—"a dam white elephant!" Truly, a fearful blasphemy.

But the brakeman got up and stretched and yawned. "Where's Jim?" he asked.

"Took the water jug down lookin' for a spring run

in the hollow here. He ought to have been back half an hour ago, the loafer."

"That's no dream. I'm dry as a fish plate. Guess I'll go down and see if I can't dig him up."

He started toward the edge of the bank; then paused to speak again. Almira shrank in her green covert. The man was coming! and down the bank through weeds and bushes the girl fled.

At the edge of the road she paused—her water pail—she had forgotten it! Then she heard footsteps behind her. Turning to flee again, she cast a hasty glance



He stood there, not a half-dozen steps away

over her shoulder. It was Jim with the missing pail. She seized it, with low, hurried thanks, and sped away across the road and up the front-door path, where the apple and the cherry trees, and the great elm, too, flung down their soft shadows for her to tread upon, until Jim, watching, saw her disappear, and the little gray gate of paradise close behind her.

How dreamier than ever through the farmhouse kitchen window, where the geranium buds were all but blooming now, did the girl look out, in the days that followed, while all her world grew bright.

But when next she saw that figure which she watched for—the figure on the engine tender by the water tank—she could scarcely distinguish it, wrapped as it was from head to foot in a rubber raincoat, seen in dim glimpses through the driving of a warm June rain. And as she watched it while the engine drew ahead again behind the little grove opposite the house, and paused there silent, and the steady rain drove on, Almira grew forlorn. The path of true love was so damp this morning!

Nevertheless, mother, looking out of the sitting-room window five minutes later, during a lull of the shower, saw Almira, in rubber galoshes and a great gray shawl, putting forth into the flower garden, and exclaimed in wonderment.

What would she have said then, a moment later, if she had seen—what from her window she could not see—Almira, still in the galoshes and the gray shawl, hurrying down the splashy front-door path, dripped on by big drops from off the elm and the apple trees, with her water pail in her hand.

Half-way up the path to the spring she saw the raincoat coming to meet her. She paused and half turned back, her cheeks flaming out as she fingered nervously something which she held hidden under the gray shawl in her hand. Jim took the pail, with shining eyes, and turned back up the path toward the spring, the girl following with downcast eyes.

"I was going to the house to see you," he said; "I didn't think you'd be coming to the spring on such a morning."

The flush on the girl's face deepened. Ah, she should have let him do that. What would he not think, to see her coming so? And her flush grew deeper yet as she thought of what she carried in that hand under the shawl.

At the spring Jim filled the pail and set it down, and they stood there together in embarrassed silence. For Jim, too, was troubled with something on his mind, to do or say which he knew not how to go about. So they stood there together and neither spoke. Then the train whistled in the distance. No further time to grope, and he began:

"There's—there's something—if you'll tell me, I'd like very much to know—and that is, your—your name. Mine is James Brown—Jim, the boys call me—if you care to know."

The girl looked up at him shyly. "Yes, I have wondered, too; mine is Almira Horton," she said.

"Thank you," he said gravely, and half hesitatingly held out his hand. Shyly the girl gave him hers, her face downcast again. Ah, that other hand under the gray shawl—should she dare give him what she held in that? Her color came and went, while she hesitated. The inexorable whistle sounded again. Yes, yes, she must give it. She flung the gray shawl back, while her cheeks flamed out as if a hundred roses were reddening there. Her words came fast:

"Oh, I've got something here I—I thought that you might like. I—I didn't know whether you could get them in the city. Would you care for them?"

And she held out to him—a little bouquet of sweet-pea blossoms, fresh and sweet with rain. He took them, and before he could find words to speak she had turned and was gone.

He walked slowly back up the path, the flowers in his

VERSES BY
WALLACE IRWIN

WHO'S ZOO IN AMERICA

SKETCHES BY
E. W. KEMBLE

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

WHEN after-dinner speeches shrink to fewness
And jokes are mainly laughed at for their newness,
What will become of Chauncey M. Depewness?
Alas, poor Yorick, how his gags do pall!
Since some obscure, investigating vandal
Into the dark Insurance poked a candle
The Josh falls flat, the game's not worth the Scandal
And Miller's Jest Book hangs upon the wall.

Poor Yorick! Ah, I knew him well, Horatio;
More fudge than fun, more side-chop than mustachio,
An anecdote that savored of Boccaccio,
An epigram that savored of the Ark;
Who, clad in evening waistcoats smoothly ventral,
Enthused the Nation's brain and heart and entrail,
Pro Patria, Pro Tem., Pro New York Central
(He jests at Whales who never saw a Shark!)

Is this the head that towered among the friskers,
The face that smiled between those weeping whiskers,
Discoursing antique puns to cheer the riskers
Who put their trust in Mr. Brazen Hyde?



Ah, classic cheek and chin! how well you jabbered,
Your cutlass seldom sleeping in its scabbard—
Jests that were ever idle, yet how labored!
While thousands sat spellbound, or ossified.

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When hungry men applied to him with screeches
For bread, he gave them after-dinner speeches—
Cold chestnuts, when they asked a bill of fare.
By him were want and hunger ne'er neglected,
And paupers by insurance thefts affected
In winter flocked to him to be protected;
They asked for fuel, he answered with hot air.

But now his mummied *moss* we may entomb, or
Bury in landslides of insurance humor,
What sexton, pray, would dare exhume his Humor
And show its staleness to the cold, gray dawn?
Though dead men can't protest, howe'er you thwart 'em,
And neither grief nor laughter can contort 'em,
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Upon the dead—and watch the graveyards yawn!

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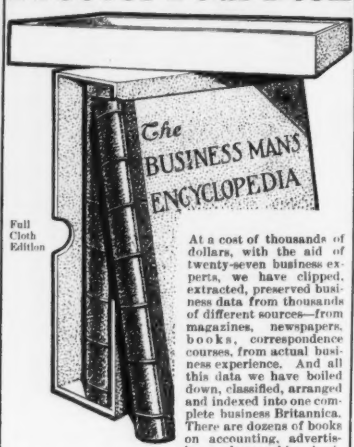
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The Spring by the Water Tank

(Continued from page 19)

hand. The train was roaring near. What should he do with them? Plainly he could not wear them. He glanced down at his rubber raincoat, unbuttoned it, and drew out of the inner pocket of his blue blouse a wallet. He opened and looked at it, stained and black and grimy with coal-dust and engine oil. Then he looked at Almira's flow rs, delicate with shining raindrops and with odor, and groaned as he looked. The bell of his engine rang imperative, and with another groan he plunged the blossoms into the grimy depths of the wallet, seized his water jug, and sprang up the bank.

On the engine a little later, his work forgotten, he leaned out of his cab window into a world that set him wondering, it seemed so fresh, so strangely beautiful. In the rainy air were odors new to him—blown, unknown scents of the woodlands and the fields—a silent music, floating on the wind, of hidden herbs and flowers. Old Grunch, on the engineer's seat opposite, watched him for a while, muttering grimly to himself.

"Never saw Jim like this before; ain't worth his salt around an engine any more. Look at him now, rubberin' out of the cab there like a country jay out of an excursion train window. Funny, too, a level-headed feller like Jim."

Then he spoke aloud, "I say, Jim, if you'll just wander back to earth again, just long enough to heave a lump o' coal or two under that boiler, we might get up this hill."

In an upper room of a smoke-begrimed railway boarding-house Jim sat the next evening by a dingy window. Here for the time he was lodged, during one of those recurring domiciliary overturns which a railway man and a bachelor learns to accept as foreordained. Over the tin roof of the porch, and the dusty street, and the cinder-paved freight-yard, and the rows of red-brown freight-car roofs, he could look across to the dingy, pea-green passenger station, the dingy, pea-green freight-house above it, and the blackened brick offices and round-house and railway shops of the division. From factory chimneys away down the track a cloud of coal smoke floated, which the low sun sank slowly into, as if he crept reluctant into that sooty bed.

And Jim, looking out, thought of the sweet green country and Almira; of Almira as she looked that rainy morning when she had given him the flowers, her face blooming out of the gray shawl with that shy, sweet gleam upon it of what he had dreamed was love for him.

He put his hand into his breast pocket, drew out the wallet and opened it. There in its stained and grimy folds lay Almira's flowers, that had been so fresh and delicate, crumpled now and withered. The wallet exhaled a faint odor of engine oil! The sweetness and the beauty all were gone, smothered up in grime and engine grease.

Ah, if he should win Almira, would it not be even so? He thought of her life, set in the midst of the green country there, natural as any wild vine that grew in it; a vine that he'd transplant to this. He looked out of the dingy window again, at the freight cars, and the blackened shops and smoke.

And he himself—what better was he, to offer his grimed and battered soul to mate with hers, so fresh, so wholesome, and so sweet?

And yet he could not give her up. Ah, no, she must be his. Let it take what time it would—months, years, of serving, of waiting, of working, till he might be fit—but no, he never could be fit—to win her. And he fell into a dream of happiness with her some far, bright day.

Then he rose, and from the mere drift of habit wandered over to the offices. Men of duty were loafing about the doors as usual. He pushed by them, and mechanically stepped for a moment into the train-despatcher's office, where at the long table were lighted lamps, and operators scribbling, the air thick with speech—the flying tongues of the telegraph, worse than the tongues of twenty women let loose on new gossip and going all at once. Through the open windows came the thunder of coupling freight cars and the bang of iron in the boiler shop, where "rush repairs" were going on. But these sounds, more familiar to his ear than silence, he heard nothing of. He was dreaming his dreams.

A boy came and touched him on the elbow. "The M. M. wants to see you in his office now," he said. Jim turned and went up the stairs.

The master mechanic sat at his desk, deep in plans and blue-prints spread in front of him. The strong frame and face, and powerful head, with its shaggy brows and the eyes beneath them where fires of energy slept, all told their story well enough. That M. M. has gone far since then. By and by he looked up.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Jim?" he said, with a friendly nod. He reached promptly for a paper thrust in a pigeonhole. "I've got something good for you here. It's a letter from Mr. Burns, your old master mechanic on the Seventh Division. He's now with the L. & M. at Deerhead, and he offers you a place there as engineer. Says he wants you; if he can't get you the place goes to a man he's got right there. Now I have orders on my desk here to reduce the force on this division at once, and, of course, I shall make you one of the men dropped. It isn't often that a man enjoys being fired, but I guess you will. You've earned your step-up, Jim, but I'm sorry to lose you. You'll go west on 97 tomorrow as usual. It will be your last run on this division. Call in when you get back, and I'll have your transportation to Deerhead ready for you. I take it you'll not decline the job."

The M. M. turned to his desk and plunged into his problem again, and Jim without a word went down the stairs and out into the dusk. Down the tracks the steady switch lamps he knew so well were shining. Bewildered as he was, they seemed to beckon him, and unsteadily down the tracks he went, the great freight yard darkling round him, familiar as the door-yard paths of his boyhood, but somehow strangely unfamiliar now.

For his world was suddenly, strangely overturned, and he flung out of it, whirling and bewildered, who with good reason had thought himself safe. Months now had men been dropping as the cords of hard times tightened, and more he had known must drop; but surely not himself. And now he was the first. The world of Mill Creek and Almira was disappearing before his eyes, in darkness. Once more, once only, it would rise for him, then vanish utterly; as some virgin island, whose beauty has gladdened the lonely ocean, vanishes to the gaze of the departing voyager, who knows that he will behold it no more. For how now was he ever to win her? Necessity was strong upon him. Father, mother, had long looked to him, and now the dead brother's children, all now looked to him. Plainly them he could not fail.

Nor could he ask the master mechanic to keep him, who would at once answer: "How can I keep you? I ask you only to step up a round and give another man the round you're on; which if you don't do, off he drops from the ladder altogether, and lands—who knows where?"

Strange, was it not, that it should all turn out like this? Seven years of service, and now, at last, an engineer. Success! Success, that now, at last, after seven long years, had come to grin and mock at him. Thoughts and images out of his past came to him, out of those seven years he had lived, a scooper of coal and server of grease-cups, in the midst of that roaring railway world: memories of long, sleepless vigils—twenty, forty, sixty, yes, once seventy hours at a stretch, on duty, fighting up the line against freshets of fast freight—all the floods of traffic let loose on you at once; snatching a little sleep on the grimy cab cushions while you lay at a siding, till in your dream you heard the dim, mist-muffled engine bells go by, with vanishing din, into the darkness; then awake and on again, nodding out of the cab window as the fogs of sleep drifted over you—fogs that death might come leaping through upon you did they grow too thick—till with meat and bread and cups of strong hot coffee you were safe awake again; then thundering at midnight by lonely deserted stations, all dead and black, all but the sleepless switch lamps, that watched steadily, like low stars, beside the track and seemed to say: All's well!

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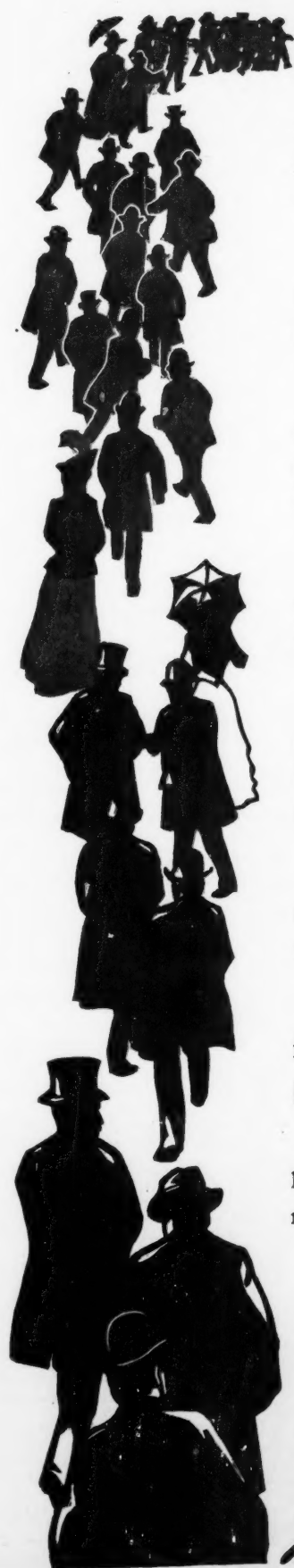
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The Spring by the Water Tank

(Continued from page 20)

Then with widening throttle, deeper roar, out into the wide, lone night, the stars above you, and the land a starlit shadow underneath; then the train in two, and the swearing freight crew, night-canopied under the solemn stars, hammering at the balky, broken drawhead, till you fell asleep again; then on once more, nursing your bandaged, broken-winged engine on, stanching the steam-leaks and pouring oil into its wounds till you rolled in at last, haggard and half dead for sleep and turned your engine over to the hostler and staggered homeward to the blessed bed.

Where, he thought, was all that now, the toil, the watching, and dead-weariness, and to what end? Where was it all now?

Over against him rose the dark mass of the shop, dim-windowed in smoky light, and the chimney lifting its great black finger to write its strange smoke-writing upon the night—writing which the wind of a moment would brush away, and you saw it no more. He, too, and all that he did and all that he hoped, was it not all as momentary—print of a passing finger on a wall; shadowy smoke-writing, which the wind of to-morrow would scatter forever?

Then the image of Almira came to him again, as she had looked that rainy morning, with that momentary gleam upon her face as she gave him the flowers, as if a shy, sweet rose had half unfolded for a moment there, to show him that which might be his, then closed again. Ah, yes, it had closed again. She might have been his, but now, nothing now but the hunger, the longing, and the pain; the sense of sweetness gone.

And then as he stood there, into the yard came rolling—a shadowy splendor and long, glowing-windowed line of light—the Limited, and out of the engine window the great, hearty face of Donaldson looked down and nodded to him as he passed. At the switch opposite him the great engine swerved and swung in to the turnout, and out across the iron lines of traffic to its proper track, the ponderous coaches following like sheep.

Something in that great, hearty face shamed him, that he should stand there pipping and whining and not strike out to save himself. Some way he must find; must swim and stem that tide; must bend the event to serve him not like a passive chip be swept on by the stream of things. The train, for all its thousand tons, had swerved for that little switch, half hidden in the ground there at his feet. So a man might swerve the event. Yes, some way, he knew not yet what—some way there must be out. That way he would find. Almira must be his. Some way, in time, he would find to win her. Oh, she would wait; yes, surely she would wait. He would ask her that to-morrow. She must care for him a little. He felt somehow sure of that. And the vision of that shy, sweet gleam upon her face under the gray shawl, like a gleam of day dawn in a gray rainy east, came back to him again. Yes, to-morrow he would ask her. Would she wait for him?

But when to-morrow came, and he stood there, for the last time surely, as he felt, beside the spring at Mill Creek water tank, there was a world of trouble in his face. How frail the strand he hung that weight of hope on! How little had she seen of him. How in those few meetings could have been knitted any tie that he might hope could hold? And he so far away. The parents of the girl, what would they think of him? How easily might they interpose with other plans, and break that tie, though it were knit the strongest he could dare to hope. At the best, how easily might the flame of fancy in the girl flag and die, when he could not be there to feed it.

And so he lingered, hesitating to go to the house; hoping, too, that she might come to the spring. He would so much rather see her there. But she did not come. He went on to the turn at the hawthorn—the hawthorn that had helped him once. How far was he beyond the help of a hawthorn now!

At the house the girl waited for him. O, she could go no more to meet him! How often had she flushed, in the very darkness when she was alone, as she thought of the giving of those flowers. How bold must he not think her? She could go to him no more.

But the deep currents of feeling, who can tell their strength? And in their strong grasp who can tell what he will do? And so as the minutes passed and he did not come, slowly she yielded, as a vessel drags its anchor in the tide and on that tide passes out. And so, in the path beyond the road, where now at last he came on his way to the house to see her, she met him.

But the man's face grew pale at the sight of her. That doubtful step, that averted look, the cold face and the painful flush that mounted in her cheeks—what hope for him lay there? He could say nothing. The world lay thick and blank around him, he groping blind in it. How should he begin? How speak to her of love?

And on the girl's spirit, as she looked into his face and saw the pain and trouble, there fell the indefinable shadow of a fear. So they stood there, silence thickening between them, as two vessels on the cold ocean drift, farther and farther apart, their white sails showing dim and dimmer through the fog.

At last he spoke. "I'm glad you came to-day," he said. But there was no gladness in his voice. Almira said nothing; nothing came to her to say. "Because, you know," he went on, "I'm not going to be able to see you here any more."

The words came slow, heavy, impassive, like dumb things driven. How could he say the thing he had to say? How ask the absurd, the impossible? The dreary hopelessness of it all came over him again—he yonder, chained and helpless in the huge machine he served, the chain of seven years' forging, which every year forged firmer; Almira here, and all the rolling miles between.

The girl's cheeks were flushed no more. She stood there silent yet, paling, in the vague, vast shadow flung of that unknown thing impending, not comprehended yet.

"I've been transferred to another road, you see," he went on, "four hundred miles from here. This is the last run I shall make on this division. I don't know when I can see you again."

The sentences came slowly, with pauses between, like sure, deliberate footsteps of fate, echoing through solitude, drawing slowly near. Then silence, deeper yet, and deepening. As if they were alone in the world they stood, the sun in the empty sky above, the fields and meadows, hills and woods, seen through a doorway in the green around them, like a dim, still picture on an empty wall.

Then, with realization of the truth, the clutch that had laid its hold on all the currents of life in the girl's soul was loosened, and slowly, as the blood comes back into a frozen member, with sharp and sharper pain, into her heart and brain the thought and feeling came throbbing back. She stood there with locked fingers, all the pain she felt visible in her pale and working face.

In the man the numbness would rouse to life. Should he stand there, with dumb love, and lose the girl forever? He looked into her face, and out of the very woe he saw in it he caught a hope. He stepped forward, and with a grasp whose strength he did not know—a grasp so strong it hurt the girl with joy and pain—he caught her hands.

"And do you care that I am to go away?" he said. "Oh, tell me, do you care? What are four hundred miles to me if you only care? Or all the trains and engines in the world, but just to fling away, as I'd fling engine cinders—a handful of engine cinders—into the weeds beside the track, and come to seek you here. Oh, tell me, do you care?" The voice came low, deep, passionate, like slow, strong surging of the sea—the sea that yearns forever.

Slowly Almira lifted up her face, full of warm surging color now, and for an instant only, with all the sweetness of her passion in her eyes, she looked into his. And the man, seeing it—God knows what sudden glory came into his face as he beheld it—gathered the slender figure, with all the sweet, yielding passion that dilated it, to his breast.



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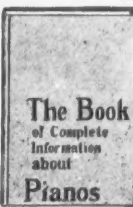
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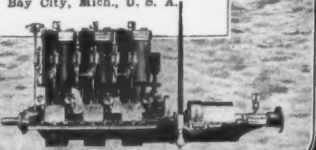
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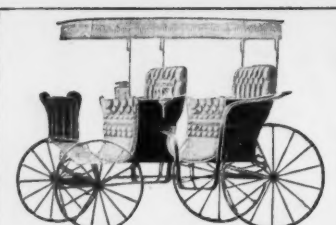
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A NEW LIGHT

(Continued from page 17)

into the road and made for the top of the hill. "Let's go up to Glancey's, Buck," said Latrobe; "I'm choked."

Thirty minutes later a curtained door swung open under a low porch, and two men swaggered forth beneath a flickering red light, thrusting heedlessly into the gathering storm. The way was narrow and dimly lighted, but they kept to it. The pair crossed the main street of the little suburb, then went down an unfrequented lane, and, half a mile below, turned into a country path that crossed the fields. Half-way over, they saw ahead the wavering lights of a car slowly crawling up the steep grade of the Lake View road. The man in front, Latrobe, shook his clenched fist at it.

"Go up, d—n ye! You'll never go back," he shouted. His voice was lost in the whistle of the wind. Reaching the rails, Latrobe crossed them, stumbled through a side drift, then clambered up and over a low wall. He bent, groping, and Buck from the middle of the road heard him cursing in the darkness. Presently he laughed harshly. "I've got it!" he yelled.

"Fetch it over then," stuttered Buck, swaying between the rails. "Get it down and let's be off."

"An' blow up some drunken farmer? Not much. We'll hang on to it till we see her comin' back down the hill."

"We can't wait here."

"We got to wait. But come in out o' the road, sweetheart; there's a shed round here somewhere. Let's chase into it."

They stumbled against the cattle cot, a rod away; one side open, but the gale behind it.

"Hell! what a night!" Buck cried from a dark corner. "My God! Jack," he groaned, "think o' thet kid. He's a goner if he gets out into this."

"He can't get out," bawled Latrobe angrily, "an' he's got a fire. Who'd thought 'twas goin' to be like this, though?" He stamped and cursed alternately. "Where's that d—d car?" he cried.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed; then a hoarse cry came from the front of the shed. "They're comin', Buck; gimme thet bottle," Latrobe drank, spitting viciously into the snow. "Come on," he choked, dashing into the storm, something dark clutched under his left arm.

Far up the hill twinkled the lights of the car slowly turning into the curve that led to the steep decline. A faint groaning of the wheels floated down on the blast. Then the headlight, half a mile away, bored a yellow hole through the mists above.

Latrobe kicked the rail clear. "Bring a rock off the wall," he demanded harshly, "quick!" He knelt beside the track and propped up his package against the iron. "Now! d—n ye," he yelled, then plunged toward the wall.

Staring over the low shelter, the pair saw the car come rushing down the hill. "No passengers," whispered Latrobe hoarsely. Suddenly he pulled his companion down. The car shot by; there was a sharp cry, the rattle of a brake clutch, and then a loud explosion that shook the ground. Above the dying echoes of splintering wood and breaking glass rose a loud moan. Then the storm and the night filled the road again.

Stumbling down the hill by the lake, a quarter of an hour later, two panting figures reached the fish houses at the bottom of the road. Groping among the huts, the taller of the pair flung open a door. "Crawl in," he gasped, "there's a light stowed here." There was the crackling of a match, the sputtering of a lantern wick, and an orange flame lighted up two haggard faces. Each shrank from the other. One of the pair concealed the light under his coat, then both crawled out, and, having stumbled down the bank, ran out upon the ice. Driving snow bit into their faces. They managed to stagger slowly across the cove, but beyond the point the sweeping gale beat them back. Locking arms and crouching forward, they struggled to advance. Within ten feet of the shore, however, a mighty gust bowled them about and hurled them breathless on the back of the point. The lantern rolled out upon the snow. Three feet ahead its light revealed a familiar black hut, overturned and half buried in a shifting drift. With a sudden yell of panic, the shorter man crawled toward it and thrust the light up through the round hole in its bottom. The hut was empty. Caught on a nail projecting from the hole, however, was a boy's cap. The lantern dropped with a crash as the shaking figure rose. "It'll be the 'chair' for this night's work," he groaned.

Lodge 77 was to meet at 9 P. M. Webster had called a preliminary session of his committee at eight. It was after that hour when Reilly entered the anteroom to the strikers' hall. He nodded cheerfully to several greetings, but his face wore a preoccupied look. "Glad I'm not running any car to-night," he muttered, as he shook the snow from his heavy overcoat.

The small room was comfortably filled. Pickets, called to report, exchanged experiences. Other members, merely curious or anxious to hear the latest news, came and went. Still others strolled nervously about, or sat together conversing in low tones. Among the latter, lately arrived, were Latrobe and his companion. Partially hid by the stove, they crouched on a bench, drying their bedraggled garments and occasionally glancing furtively about. Reilly looked around the room inquiringly, his eye lighting up as he caught sight of Webster in a distant corner. "Oh! Webster," he called, "I want to see ye."

"Hello, Dan," said the chairman, pushing through a little group and coming forward. "My! you're late, man," he ejaculated, shaking hands.

"Couldn't help it," answered Reilly, laughing. "Whisper," he added.

"What d'ye think? I ran into Whitehead downtown, an' he chased me into his office; had me up on the carpet all by myself. Course I couldn't refuse, though I didn't like the way of it—me alone, don't ye know. But what d'ye think o' that? and him chinning to me for two hours? He lost me my supper, but that's all he got out o' me. He talked fair enough, though, Jim; mighty fair, 'cept on the one point—taking on the men laid off. He was stiff on that, an' so was I."

"Did he try to pump ye?"

"Only asked me what crazy thing we was going to do here to-night. I didn't see any harm in answerin' that, an' told him mos' likely we'd ask for help from outside till the road came to time. Was that all right?"

"Sure—but, Dan," Webster suddenly interrupted himself, "wasn't you home, then?"

"Why, no," said Reilly in a surprised voice. "Why d'ye ask?"

"Your girl was here lookin' for ye. Seemed upset, too."

The motorman looked concerned. "I'll send over, I guess, and find out if anything's—" here he turned, hearing his name called sharply.

Mayme Reilly was standing in the open doorway, wet with snow, her hair plastered over a face filled with distress. She looked eagerly about the room.

"Papa!" she cried, darting forward, "Teddy's with you, ain't he? Oh, papa! don't say he ain't with you!"

At the wall, the room suddenly grew still. From behind the stove came an uneasy shuffling of feet. Reilly stared at the girl. "Teddy?" he inquired in a startled voice, taking a step forward, "Teddy?"

"He went up on the ice to meet you, just before dark. And—and—mamma—" here the girl broke down in sobs.

"On the ice—to-night?" Reilly put a hand to a choked throat. For a moment he stood listening to the beating of the storm. "To-night?" he whispered. Then he wheeled on the astonished group. "He's got to be foun'! he's got to be foun'!" he cried. "Who seen him last?"

"What's up, Dan?" called Johnson in an astonished voice, coming in at this moment from the main hall.

"Oh, Chris, did you see him?" cried Reilly, turning eagerly. "Speak, man, can't ye?"



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A NEW LIGHT

(Continued from page 24)

"See who? What, the boy? My God, Dan! Don't tell me he didn't find ye?"

"I never saw him," groaned Reilly. "Speak, can't ye?"

"Why, he come up just as ye'd gone; fifteen or twenty minutes after, mebbe. I thought he'd catch you over at Latrobe's."

"An' you let him go?"

"Dan, man! Don't. 'Twa'n't five minutes away. He promised *sure* he'd be right back if he didn't find ye. I waited half an hour for him, then supposed certain he'd met you. Why *didn't* he come back as he said he would?" Johnson's face filled with sympathy and distress.

"He must 'a' met some one, then, or he would have," cried Reilly. "Where's Latrobe?"

That individual rose unsteadily from the bench behind the stove, his stealthy eyes, under his pulled-down hat, shifting about the room. "I never seen him," he muttered, gripping the chair rail before him.

Reilly looked at him in dismay.

"Was it a little boy?" called a man near by.

"Yes, yes!" groaned Reilly, "my littlest boy."

"Drake an' me passed him as we was comin' in. Sure, he must 'a' found ye, Jack."

Latrobe faced the ring of inquiring glances, a hunted look on his seamed face. "I never seen him," he repeated doggedly.

The other man stared at him open-mouthed. "He couldn't 'a' missed ye,"

he said in a puzzled way. "We seen him goin' straight toward your door."

"Twas just as we went round the point." The speaker paused, bewildered.

Then, catching sight of a huddled figure on the bench, he started forward,

"Say, Buck, you was out there, wa'n't you? Didn't you see him?"

Buck half rose, then dropped back. His lack-lustre eyes wavered before the questioning faces, then fell. Reilly gazed at him in astonishment, a darkening interrogation growing in his look. Buck blenched from it, casting a hopeless glance for aid up to Latrobe's hard face. That storm-swept countenance was grimly imperturbable. Reilly took a step forward, breathing

hard, his hands clenched; passionate eyes boring holes in the craven spirit propped against the wall. Buck shrank back before the bent look, rolled his eyes helplessly to right and left, then collapsed. "He's got to be told, Jack; he's got to be told," he wailed.

The next instant Reilly had Latrobe by the throat. "Ye half-bred mongrel!" he cried, "where's my boy?" He bent the helpless man over like a reed.

"Where's my boy?" he hissed fiercely.

Foam flecked Latrobe's lips; his dark face grew darker; his eyes rolled upward, the whites ghastly under the flickering lamp. Reilly's daughter

screamed sharply; there were warning cries and a sudden rush forward. But the iron grip only tightened. "Speak, d-n ye!" demanded Reilly. But he spoke to a speechless voice.

It was the cry of a woman that unlocked the motorman's hands. "Dan! oh, Dan!"

From the rear of the room came the voice that floated over the tumult. Reilly turned his head toward it, slowly, mechanically. His wife was standing

in the open door, a great shawl caught around her wet hair.

"You're wanted, Dan," said Johnson hastily, reaching out a hand. "Leave him to us," he whispered.

An uncouth bundle slid to the floor. Reilly staggered in a dazed way toward the open door. "Mary?" he demanded, wonder and fear blended in the question, "What—?"

"Come away, Dan," she gasped, shrinking back from the roomful of eager-faced men. Eddies of snow whirled about the little entry in which she stood, beating in beneath the door from the storm without. Reilly pulled the shawl

closer about her shaking figure. As he did so, she caught him by the arm, and before he could speak again drew him out into the night.

"Yer coat, papa," cried his daughter, running after him.

Ted Reilly's first thought, after clearing his head of the bag in the fish hut,

was: "Have they gone?"

Dread held him silent for a moment, then the sudden sense of his isolation

rushed on him like a returning wave and overwhelmed all other fears. He

beat upon the door, screamed aloud, begged for release. Only the derisive

cry of the wind answered him. With shoulder, knee, and boot he attacked the

door. It was too strong for him; nothing was left but to drop breathless on

the rough bench, and he did so, shaking with dry sobs. The fit passed. It

was all a rough joke; they were coming back, of course; that is what they

had said.

Beneath him the rough seat trembled with the shaking hut; for the gale

no longer beat in through unseen crevices and beneath the floor. It rocked

the house with every increasing blast. The flimsy structure swayed and shook

like a ship in a storm. Instinctively Ted drew his legs up under him, away

from the dreaded hole. With the motion came a driving gust that half

turned the hut on the wind-swept ice. Another followed, and the floor of

the hut rose. As it fell back with a crash, the boy heard the great spear

drop—chugg! into the icy water below. Only a numb terror filled him as he

clung to the shaking walls. The wind thrust the house to right and left.

Then a blast, sweeping straight from the northwest over unbroken miles of

ice, fairly overturned the hut and bore it away. Ted's only recollection was a

stunning blow as he pitched forward, followed by a breathless flight, then an

awakening shock. At his feet the wind and snow were beating in upon him.

The gale had swept the box, like a great sled, straight into the big drift on the

point. All that saved Ted Reilly that night was an unobstructed ice field.

The house was on its side, and the keen snowflakes, pouring in through

the hole at the bottom, roused the boy with their wet rush against his face.

Groping about on his hands and knees, he managed, blind and dazed as he was,

to crawl forth through the hole. Straightway he went head foremost into the

big drift. From this he struggled, half crawling, half rolling, down to the

ice crust. He tried to rise. The gale beat him down. Dizzy, faint, and

blinded by the sweeping gusts, instinctively he labored to go on. Sometimes

crawling, sometimes rolled forward by the wind, he struggled ahead. This

for a few long moments, and then—oh, blessed sight!—lights twinkled through

the haze from the top of a hill beyond. Never was Ted Reilly to forget, till

all should be forgotten, their shining welcome. He knew where he was now;

at the extremity of the little cove off Lake View. He crept forward for a

while under the lee of the point, then cut across the cove. The wind behind,

more than his stumbling feet, carried him along. Reaching the fish houses

strung along the shore, he leaned for a moment against a sheltering side, then

toiled up the hill. Gaining the top, with each dragging step growing shorter,

he brushed the wet hair from before his wavering eyes and peered ahead. A

yellow light fluttered from a post top in front of a distant house. Almost in

front of it a green bull's-eye shone with glassy stare from a street car at the

end of the line. It was waiting for "time." The boy found the rough side-

walk and staggered down it toward the twinkling street lamp. It seemed

beckoning to him and to the shelter of the cozy porch behind it.

From the back of the car, Smithers, the conductor, gave him man the bell.

Pulling down his cap, he then peered out in careless observance for improbable

passengers. The wheels raced on the wet track, the motorman shook down

a little sand, and the car forged slowly ahead. Suddenly the bell clanged

again—twice, sharply. The brake chains rattled; the car stopped; then there

was a pause. Presently the motorman, telescoping his hands about his eyes,

squinted out through the wet glass of the vestibule. Smithers was bending

over a dark heap in the snow. The motorman ran through the car, and



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A NEW LIGHT

(Continued from page 20)

met him stumbling up the rear steps. "It's a kid, Jim," he panted; "lend a hand." Together they laid the wet form on a seat. "My Lord! but he was nigh all in," exclaimed the conductor. "Yank off those mittens an' boots!"

They massaged him, vigorously if awkwardly; under the rough treatment, Ted's lids began to quiver; then he moaned a little, protestingly. "Soak it to him," said Smithers softly. Presently the eyes opened, as the motorman said exultingly, "For fair."

"Where d'ye live, bub?" asked the conductor. Ted told him. "The hell ye say! Well, ye *did* have a close call. Go ahead, Jim, we'll take him in."

The car pushed slowly through the snow in the deserted street, slid down a long grade lined with white-robed bushes, toiled very slowly up and over a shaking trestle, and then crept cautiously around the sharp curve into the long Lake Road. The wind played a noisy tune with the broad window sashes. On the cushioned rails the car pitched gently from side to side. Lulled by the soft motion, Ted curled his tired limbs under the rough coat and drowsed contentedly.

When the dream passed, Ted saw in dazed surprise a familiar light shining in the corner, with well-remembered goats climbing over a pink globe; and the dearest eyes on earth were looking down on him.

"Pa wa'n't there, Ma," at length he said brokenly.

"Would you mind that now?" choked Reilly.

One of Ted's hands felt strangely numb, but he put the other in his father's palm. "I'd been back sooner," he whispered, "only they locked me in."

"I see," said Reilly, breathing hard.

"An' they said, 'To hell with Reilly,' an' 'We'll blow—we'll blow—' here the eyes closed wearily. Reilly's opened wide as he stared against the wall.

No. 77's meeting was in full blast when Reilly returned to the hall. The watcher at the door eyed his set face inquisitively as he admitted him. The room was crowded and the close air was heavy with smoke. Fresh eddies of it curled up constantly, here and there eclipsing the tip reflectors back of the smoking lamps. On a small platform in front Webster presided imperturbably, a little table before him. A tall man in a faded suit of blue was on the platform, in full flight of incoherent speech. Reilly paused a moment behind the rear row of seats, listening to the wild flow of words.

"It's the 'Brotherhood o' Man,' I tell ye," cried the speaker with brandishing arms, "the 'Brotherhood o' Man' we'll be appealin' to for help; to men who knows what 'tis to stand for twelve hours on a cold platform. Them's the men we've got to look to; not to a money shark grippin' his wallet in a warm office." The orator smote the air viciously with his clenched fist and ducked for breath.

Reilly eyed him with a cynical grin, then strolled slowly over to a side aisle. He made no offer to sit, but half-way down stood, leaning his wide shoulders against the rough plastered wall. The light from a nearby lamp poured down its yellow beams on his strong figure. Men nudged each other and looked curiously up at the grim eyes under the pulled-down cap. But Reilly took no heed. He stared straight at the speaker with a questioning drop of his left eye, very familiar to those who knew him best. The oracle in front, dimly conscious of a losing grip, filled his lungs for an awakening blast.

"An' can we expect men to stand by us," he demanded, "less we stand by each other? By them's been chucked on our account? I tell ye, it's got to be 'all for one' an' 'one for all' if we want to get help—help as 'I keep us alive till Whitehead an' his tools weaken. Ain't it so?"

A rumbling hum, instead of affirmatory acclaim, filled the house. A low undercurrent of excited comment flowed through the hall. Questioning glances in the smoke stole up at Reilly from interrogative eyes. But Reilly's were fixed on the man with the voice. The latter, with visible discomfort, stumbled through a short peroration and sat down.

The hum died away. A curious hush seemed to settle about the figure against the wall. Webster leaned his elbows on the table and stared tentatively toward the ceiling. There was a pause in which Reilly stood with sunk brow, gazing reflectively at the floor. His head raised slowly. He pulled off his cap and, crowding it in his pocket, walked deliberately down the aisle and faced the crowd.

"I'm for the 'Brotherhood o' Men' all right," he said steadily; "'o' men, though, not o' dynamiters and kidnappers. I'm not one that's 'for all' if the 'all's' includin' any bums or thugs. An' you're not all for one—for one—" his stern eye searched the hall, but vainly—"for one that's done that to-night, we'll be a long time undoing."

There was a buzz and a craning forward of necks. Muttered imprecations arose as Reilly went on with the story of the night.

"An' yet we've got to stand for it," he cried in a tense voice. "Dirty linen's got to be washed inside. You've got to stand for it; I've got to stand for it, but—" the speaker's jaw worked convulsively—"but this town 'll be mighty unhealthy for some folks in the morning."

He breathed hard a moment, then with backward palm dismissed the picture. "Boys!" he said shortly, "it's just here. All the cream's set on this thing that's goin' to. If what's happened to-night ain't soured it, we'd better skim it while we can."

There was an uneasy shifting among the men before him, a knitting of brows on faces plainly disconcerted; but the motorman went on steadily:

"I saw the ol' man this afternoon. Oh! I wasn't buttin' in. Your chair-man knows that."

"That's all right, Dan," interjected Webster.

"It's all right's far's I'm concerned," Reilly went on. "He run into me, and we had a little talk—a fair talk. But, gettin' down to cases, I told him it was all back in a body or none back. An' he said I was a d—d fool. An'—an' so I was," said Reilly slowly.

"Oh! I've seen a big light since then," he continued grimly, raising a big fist. "Big enough to show me we can't lug bums on our backs, an' that we can't ask the company to stand for men you an' I can't stand for. As for the ol' man, he's mellowed. He'll give us a fair deal on hours an' pay, and he'll see our committee any time." A yell greeted this announcement.

"An' I ain't forgettin'," kept on Reilly slowly, "that 'twas a car of men Whitehead had sent shovin' through the snow, when he'd heard from Muncie after I'd left that my boy was lost, that found him an' brought him back. There's a scab, too, over'n the hospital, I'll be shakin' hands with in the mornin'." Here Reilly choked a minute, then raising his head he went on: "Every decent man 'll be took care of; we can't ask for more. An' we can't wait for more. The public's stood by us; the women—yes, an' the children, too, 's stood by us. It's time we stood by them."

"Mr. Chairman!" he cried, wheeling toward the platform, "I move the committee be instructed to meet the company in the morning an' settle this strike." Webster put the motion, and a mighty roar of affirmation shook the hall.

Reilly softly entered the little room and looked around. "Is he asleep?" he whispered, tiptoeing toward the bed. Two gray eyes opened and looked up at the couple bending over him.

"I won't ride in a scab car again, Pa," said a drowsy voice.

Reilly sat down on the edge of the bed and took the little hand. Something glistened in his eye. "There ain't any more scab cars, Teddy," he said brokenly; "you've settled the strike."

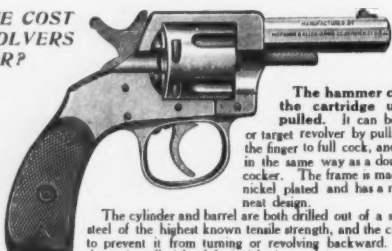
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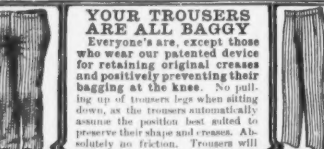
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH SEVENTEENTH

Light on Senatorial Intrigues

THERE have been queer doings in Washington this winter, mysterious mining and countermining between the Capitol, especially the Senate end of it, and the White House. The asphalt pavement of Pennsylvania Avenue is cracking with the tunnels run under it by the Senatorial sappers, and the Philippine Tariff bill fell into one of them not long ago. We expect to be able to let a little daylight into some of those dark excavations next week. Mr. Henry B. Needham has been investigating the intrigues that have brought the President's program of legislation into its present position, and he will give some inside information about it in an article entitled "Railroad Senators Unmask."

The Truth About Packingtown

READERS of Mr. Upton Sinclair's powerful book, "The Jungle," will have an opportunity of seeing, next week, an account by Mr. Sinclair of certain investigations connected with that work. In reading a novel one is never sure how far he ought to allow his feelings to be harrowed, since he does not know where fact ends and fiction begins, but in the letter to be published in next week's Collier's Mr. Sinclair confines himself entirely to things he believes to be true. He tells of the precautions to verify his statements, and makes some very remarkable assertions about attempts to discredit them. This communication puts the rulers of Chicago's "Packingtown" very distinctly on the defensive.

The War on Fraudulent Food

WE seem to be just on the edge of a national victory for pure food. The complete collapse of the defenders of counterfeits in the Senate has left the whole matter to the decision of the House, which can usually be depended upon to do the decent thing if the people press it hard enough. In his article on "Food or Fraud?" in this number of Collier's, Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams presents the issue exactly as it stands. The situation is the most cheerful we have known for many years, and it actually looks as if those persons who still retain the habit of eating will be able before long to have some knowledge of the nature of the things they swallow.

NEXT week's cover plate will be one of the sort that nails attention. It will be a three-color design by Frank X. Leyendecker, in vivid contrasts, calculated to make that number of Collier's easily recognizable anywhere within the range of vision. Mr. Leyendecker calls his creation "The Circus." Please notice the cover this week. It strikes us as pretty near perfection.

A Thousand Dollars for a Short Story

WE are now in the fourth term of the Quarterly Short Story Contest. A prize of \$1,000 will be awarded to the best story submitted between March 1 and June 1, in addition to the price of the manuscript at five cents per word, up to six thousand words. That is the limit of payment, because a story of six thousand words is as long as we can conveniently use. Anything over that makes trouble, and while we may sometimes have to stand trouble, we do not care to offer it a special invitation. Authors who have established and maintained rates above the five-cent scale will receive their regular prices. Fuller particulars may be obtained in a booklet, by addressing the Fiction Department of Collier's.



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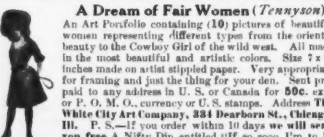
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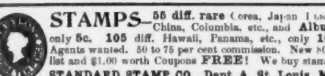
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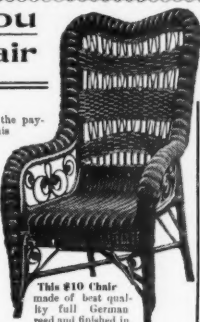
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